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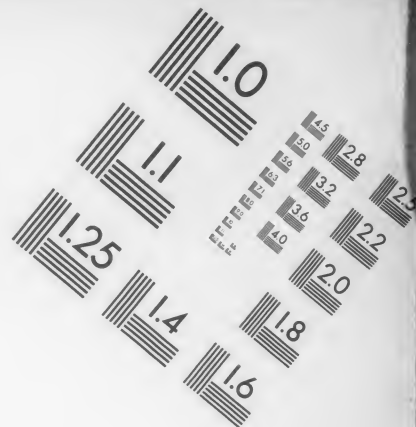
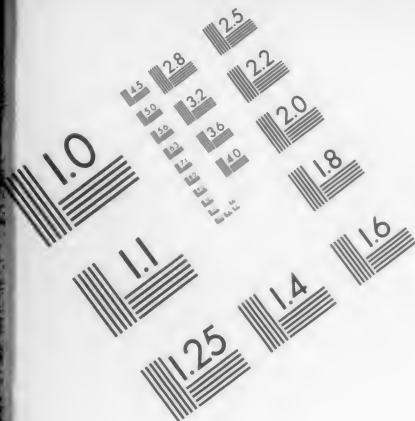
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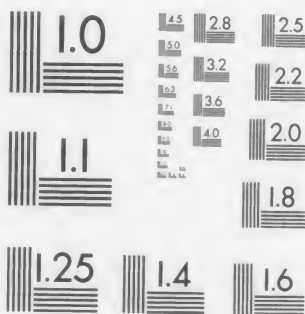
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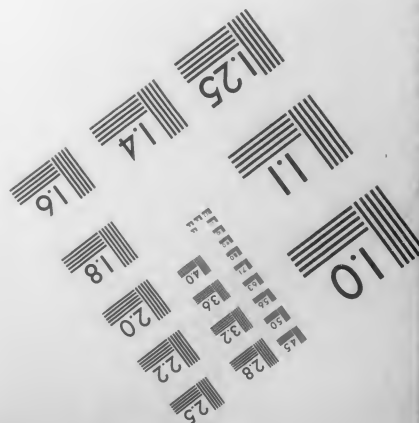
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RECOLLECTIONS
OF
THE IRISH CHURCH.

RECOLLECTIONS
OF
THE IRISH CHURCH.

BY

RICHARD SINCLAIR BROOKE, D.D.,

LATE RECTOR OF WYTON, HUNTS,

*Author of "Christ in Shadow," being Twelve Sermons on Isaiah L. ; Poems ;
and "The Story of Parson Annaly."*

"SI RITE AUDITA RECORDOR."

London :

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6 Sept. '94. Sk.

"THE third to be noticed of the great powers on the mass of religious thought and feeling, is that which I have made bold to term the PROTESTANT EVANGELICAL."—"It is evident that we have here the very heart of the great Christian tradition."—"It has framed large communities; it has formed Christian nations; it has sustained an experience of ten generations of men."—"It has to a great extent made good its ground in the world of Christian fact."—"Open to criticism it is, but it is one great factor of the Christian system as it now exists; it is eminently outspoken, and tells of its own weaknesses as freely as of its victories or merits. It rallies millions and scores of millions to its standard, and while it entirely harmonises with the movement of modern civilization, it exhibits its seal *in the work of all works—namely, in uniting the human soul to Christ.*"—From the "Courses of Religious Thought," by the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., in the *Contemporary Review* for June, 1876.

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ERRATA.

Page 132, line 9 from top, *for* "Rev. Edward Gayer," *read* "Rev. Charles Gayer."

Page 135, line 15 from top, *for* "Ratcliffe," *read* "Radcliffe."

RECOLLECTIONS

OF

THE IRISH CHURCH.

RECOLLECTIONS
OF
THE IRISH CHURCH.

CHAPTER I.

It was during the parliamentary session of 1869 that the Irish Church was borne like a fainting woman into the House of Commons to hear British legislators debate upon her destiny, and decide whether her existence as a State Institution should continue or terminate.

The verdict, as we all know, was adverse, and the spirit with which it was delivered was peculiar, as it is historical.

For hard sayings were then uttered by Honourable gentlemen against this hapless institution ; she was denounced as an "upas-tree," a "consuming fire," a "mockery and disgrace;" each adversary, like the slayers of Stephen, "ran upon her with one accord, and cast her out, and stoned her."

To us, in this country, who have ever—God, He knoweth—found her sweet shade not like that of a deadly upas, but rather that of a green spreading oak-tree; to us, who have lodged in her beloved branches from infancy to manhood, and sat with our children under her shadow with great delight, the reading of all this unmanly invective from an assembly of “men of honour and of cavaliers,” could not but fill us with a sensation as much of astonishment as of indignation.

But let such feelings drift and go by; what is done is done, and can scarce be re-enacted. Our Church has now passed away as an institution of the state, she has delivered up her jewels and her gold at the demand of British legislators; she has parted company with the Church of England, in whose embrace she had lain for long years, and the sisters at this moment occupy different platforms, the former remaining a state dependency, the latter self-governing and independent; and from many signs and proofs, we may presume, likely to use her lately-acquired autonomy with judgment and success. She is slowly recovering from the shock of her spoliation; she has a great recuperative faculty, for she has much inward strength; she has earnest and faithful men at her desks and her tables, good and gifted men in her pulpits, and loving and loyal children throng her aisles; she is sound in her doctrinal constitution, and simple in

her devotional services, and holds fast by the Scriptures and the Articles in her Prayer-book. She is but little infected, so far, with Rationalism, and still less with Ritualism; and thus we trust that the winter of her discontent has passed with the hour of her depredation, and that a glorious summer of usefulness is about to set in upon her, and that as God blessed the latter end of Job more than the beginning, so it may be with her.

Regarding her, as I do, with inexpressible affection, having spent many of the happiest hours of my long life in her pleasant service, I feel anxious, if possible, to rescue from oblivion some few facts and features connected with my remembrances of her during the last fifty years, and to transfer from an old man's memory, where they must soon fade and die, into the fixity of print, some occurrences with which I was mingled, and some pictures of departed worthies of whom it may be said, with truth, “the world was not worthy.”

During my boyhood I had small opportunity of making observations on the Irish Church. Our parish was the Land of Nod, and our ministers were as inactive in the week as they were uninteresting on the Sunday. Two of them kept classical schools, and therefore could not be expected to work; we had a large family pew up stairs in our church, which was a dark handsome structure, with lofty pulpit and wide galleries, *à la* Christopher

Wren, and with an atmosphere of sleepy quietude brooding in it, such as twenty drops of laudanum might be expected to produce, or Mr. Tennyson's "lotus-eaters" would have enjoyed. There was the very gentlemanly rector, of whose pulpit performances we could form no judgment, as he was almost inaudible from thinness of voice; the curate cold and dry, and his assistant a mass of brainless affectation; they did not visit their flock, and we scarcely knew them except in the desk and the pulpit. Such was our staff of parochial teachers as I remember them sixty years ago; but I can also recall how my father, and my uncle, who was rector of Ballyconnell in the county of Cavan, used to speak of a Mr. Kirwan in *their* young days, and of his goodness and eloquence; how he had obtained, after preaching a charity sermon, 1,500*l.* for the Meath hospital and 1,000*l.* for an orphan school; how Henry Grattan, and Curran, and Bushe loved to hear him as "the brightest of preachers," and how the first of these three men described him in the House of Commons as "one who had come to disturb the repose of the pulpit, and shake one world with the thunders of the other."

Kirwan was born in Galway in 1754, of an old race of gentry; he had been a Roman Catholic, but became a Protestant from conviction; he was opposed and almost persecuted by the Archbishop of Dublin, Dr. Fowler, because of his gospel

sermons and extempore preaching, and was unnoticed by the authorities till within five years of his death, when Lord Cornwallis made him Dean of Killala.

In 1800 Grattan said publicly of Kirwan, that "he had the curse of Swift upon him, for he was born an Irishman and a man of genius, and he presumed to use that genius for the good of his country."

Another remarkable Irishman, and one who came within my own time, was Charles Wolfe. I knew him personally, and remember him well; he was born in 1791 and died, in his thirty-second year, a poor and overworked curate; he was a kinsman of that Wolfe, Lord Kilwarden, who was murdered by a Popish mob in Thomas Street, Dublin, during Emmett's short rebellion in 1803;¹ in 1829 his *Life and Remains* were given to the world by his friend Archdeacon Russell, a work so deservedly popular, that it has passed through four editions.

He was a devoted Minister of the Church, and shortened his life by his labours.

As a Preacher, I can offer no higher proof of the excellency of his sermons than to record that they were admired by Dr. Whately, the late Archbishop of Dublin.²

As a Poet, his "Lines on the Burial of Sir John

¹ General James Wolfe, the hero of Quebec, was also of his lineage.

² See his *Life*, by his daughter, p. 432.

Moore" have a sustained popularity. Shelley warmly admired this poem, and Lord Byron spoke of it as "little inferior to the very best production of this prolific age." He loved music passionately, and on hearing a song sweetly sung would start from his seat and softly pace the room, lifting his clasped hands above his head in his excitement; he had a fine-strung organization.

As a youthful Orator, in the College Historical Society, he excelled, and though his friends found it hard to overcome his shyness and force him to the rostrum, yet his last speech there is weighty with matter, and brilliant with philosophy and poetry. He was a friend of my brother's, the present Right Honourable William Brooke, late Master in Chancery; they were both Scholars in Trinity College Dublin, and Wolfe, consequently, was often at our house, and I well recollect his spare lithe figure, his pale face, and his aquiline features, full of gentle thought when in repose, but sparkling with animation, humour, and mobility when in conversation.

Another distinguished Irishman whom I met during my schoolboy days was the Rev. Charles R. Maturin, the author of *Bertram*, a tragedy which has been ever popular from its own indubitable genius, as well as from its chief character having always been sustained by the heads of the stage—John Kemble, Kean, and Macready. I remember Mr.

Maturin perfectly—a gentlemanly person, with a Huguenot face, and rather accurate in his costume. He was curate of St. Peter's, one of the principal churches in Dublin, and there his masterly controversial sermons brought him into deserved notoriety. With singular eloquence, he denounced Romanism in scathing yet sublime language, and his sermons are described as being "awfully grand while they were convincingly faithful," and the great church of St. Peter's, where he preached, was packed from chancel to doorway with an eager crowd of gratified listeners on every occasion when he occupied the pulpit.

In the year 1807 there appeared from the press *Fatal Revenge; or, The Family of Montorio*, by D. J. Murphy. This was universally attributed to Mr. Maturin, and it is, in its way, worthy of his genius, being a romance in fearfulness and awfulness far surpassing the gloomiest production of Anne Radcliffe's. After I had read it I could only exclaim, like the Thane of Cawdor, "I have supped full of horrors." It lay like a nightmare on my mind for days and weeks. Mr. Maturin was the author of other works of fiction; he was admired by Lord Byron, and loved by Walter Scott. He died in Dublin in 1824, and his son, the Rev. Dr. William Maturin, is now Incumbent of Grange Gorman church in the diocese of Dublin.

In a notice of the elder Maturin in the *Imperial*

Biographical Dictionary, we are told, that when in the act of composing, he was wont to affix a red wafer to his forehead, which he meant to be a mute warning to his household that he was not to be disturbed or his cogitations broken in upon while the wafer remained. Now surely this was a most sensible procedure, and worthy to be adopted by all literary thinkers, writers, philosophers, and suffering Benedicts at large, who, perhaps, on gaining their study after breakfast and grasping their pen, are liable to be intruded on by their wife, some dear but restless Desdemona "on household thought intent," with a request for counsel or for cash, as the case may be, or perhaps with that most bewildering of all questions to a literary man, "What shall we have for dinner?" the "red wafer" would solve all difficulties, and perpetuate peace and tranquillity.

In 1822 I became a student of Trinity College Dublin, as a Fellow-commoner. My tutor was Dr. Joseph Henderson Singer, afterwards Bishop of Meath. He had obtained his fellowship at the early age of 23, and was a man of universal and accurate information, possessing very polished manners and a kind and winning address. He was a prodigious reader, not even despising the lighter literature of the day, which he swallowed, but probably did not care to digest; a steady preacher of Evangelical truth and a bold upholder of Scriptural education, of course he was shut out from all Government

patronage till the advent of the Conservatives to power brought in a more liberal atmosphere, and shortly after Dr. Singer became Bishop of Meath.

His pet name among the college alumni was "Cantor." We liked to see him ascending the chapel pulpit. His sermons were neither original, profound, nor dogmatic, but they were gentle, sound and moderate, and thoroughly fluent. He had, if anything, too much of the *copia fandi*.

We also liked to see him approach our division in the hall, with his watch in his square cap, and his papers in his hand, for he was a patient and gentlemanly examiner, and contrasted strongly with another "Socius," a rough creature, whom P—one of our lads, a droll fellow, always styled "Inexorabilis Dis." The said P—generally apostrophizing Singer, as he came lamely along on his poor gouty feet, with a low voice:

"Cave ne titubes, oh dulcissime Doctor."

We had the benefit on Sundays of some good preaching in the College chapel. Doctor Thomas Romney Robinson, at present Royal Astronomer at the Armagh Observatory and an incumbent in Monaghan, delivered striking and original sermons, full of power and piquancy, flinging them as it were from his mind for his auditors to gather up, and with a Jove-like toss of his head.

Doctor Charles Elrington was generally practical,

but at times addicted to needless railings against Calvinism, which system, I verily believe, not any of his hearers would have cared the least to defend.

Old Doctor Graves, afterwards Dean of Ardagh, and the author of *Discourses on the Pentateuch*, was a learned but rather ponderous preacher. Not so the late Bishop of Ossory, Dr. Thomas O'Brien; his sermons were listened to with deep attention, both by the seniors and juniors of the college; and many a busy pencil and notebook on the knee would endeavour to preserve, and take home, the Gospel expositions and lucid reasoning which fell from his lips.

There were other useful and peculiar preachers, but I cannot recall them—save one, who often ascended the pulpit, but has now long since passed to his rest; a man mighty in Homeric Greek, and a very able and learned publisher of works on the Classics, but too fond of using long words in his pulpit orations. He himself would style them “Sesquipedalian terms.” I once heard him in a sermon speak of the six days of Creation as the “Cosmogonical Hexahemeron,” and designate the Books of Moses by the name of the “Pentateuchical Archives.” Nay, some college wag affirmed that he had heard him say to a ragged boy in Merrion Square, when alighting from his horse, “Perambulate my quadruped, and thou shalt receive pecuniary remuneration.”

It was, however, long before his day that a droll and really clever illustration of ready grandiloquence was given in one of the college quadrangles, in a dialogue which took place between a gaping rustic seeking to discover the rooms of his landlord's son, for whom he had a letter, and one of the learned “Socii,” who was facetiously inclined:

Rusticus: “Will your honour inform me in which of these big houses Master John—Squire Kelly's son—lives; he's from the County May-o?”

Socius: “Certainly! Cut the angle of the quadrangle, subite through the ostium, ascend the lignean grades, pulsate at his janua, and you will find him either peripatounting in his cubiculum, or periscopounting through his fenestra.”

Rusticus—scratching his head, and catching at the last word—“Oh dear, oh dear, and what may a ‘fenesthra’ be, yer honour?”

Socius: “A fenestra is an orifice in the side of an edifice for the intromission of illumination.”

Rustic collapses and exit.

We had a handsome and graceful chapel to worship in, and our choir was of the first order for sweetness and power. It was led by Messrs. Spray, Jager, and Weyman. Many now alive can recall the lovely tenor voice of Dr. Spray, and how he would send it forth with its rich swells, and every note full toned and distinct, till it seemed to

ripple along the chapel walls like the summer waves of a river. Who can forget his clear, clarion notes in "Comfort ye my people," or the warble of his solo in "O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness"? His voice, indeed, was a sustained warble. This choir sang on the same day at different services, in Christ's Church and in St. Patrick's.

About a year before I had entered college, a remarkable man, the Vice-Provost, had died: this was Dr. John Barrett, the Professor of Oriental languages—a prodigy of learning, avarice, eccentricity, orthodoxy, and absurdity; unshaven, unkempt, unadorned, he lived an hermit life in his rooms, either poring over his MSS. amidst Lexicons and dusty tomes, or gloating on his money-bags and counting his debentures.

For forty years he had never left the college precincts, and the loneliness of his life, no doubt, generated many of his oddities. The awkwardness and squalor of his dwarf-like person caused him to be caricatured a hundred times as "an odd *Fellow*." He had a memory like Pascal, and forgot nothing; but though he could speak and write most of the dead languages accurately, and many of the living ones, yet his conversation in his own tongue was ever a tissue of blunders and absurdity. He was a zealous defender of Revealed Religion, and edited the Greek text of St. Matthew's Gospel

from an ancient manuscript known as "Codex Z," Dublin, 1801.

One story, from a hundred, may illustrate the strange ways of this peculiar and uncouth being:—

He was passing through the College court early in the morning, when a giddy young student, standing in a doorway, shouted, "Sweep, sweep!" The Doctor noted him, and had him summoned before the Board. "I will chastise him," said he, "for scandalum magnatum; for sure amn't I the Vice-Provost?"

The youngster, however, pleaded that he did not mean the Doctor.

"How can that be," said Barrett, "when there was no other sweep in the court but myself?"

He left most of his great wealth to charitable institutions, but many of his own family being in a state of penury, by a liberal and equitable construction of the will they were considered by the law as the fittest objects, and thus became recipients of a large portion of his property.

CHAPTER II.

AFTER John Wesley's first visit to this country he testified of the Irish, that they were "an immeasurably loving people;" and about one hundred and fifty years before, Doctor John Owen, the great Puritan Divine, then sojourning in Trinity College Dublin, records that he was in the habit of "preaching to as numerous a multitude of as thirsting a people after the Gospel as he had ever conversed with."

This spirit of natural devotion in religion still exists even among the most ignorant of the Romish peasantry; but the Book which would gratify while it regulated their feelings, is withheld from their affections, and "the Church" put in its place by their clergy, by which adroit substitution their superstition is nourished, while true religion runs to weeds.

In the sixteenth century, at Venice, Fulgentio, an enlightened monk, afterwards martyred at the stake, preached from the text, "What is Truth?" "Here is Truth," he said, holding forth a Bible; but, added he, putting the volume into the folds of his cassock, "the book is prohibited."

And as then, so now, the Book is prohibited to the Roman Catholic laity. But by God's goodness, the great body of Protestants in Ireland honour their Bible and the tidings it brings, and this spirit of devotion is doubtless enhanced by their extreme enjoyment of social religious gatherings. Therefore John Wesley's itinerating preachers, riding day by day among the hills, from farmhouse to farmhouse, breakfasting with one family, dining with a second, and supping and sleeping at the house of a third, and praying and preaching and singing of hymns with all—among congregations which flocked from each neighbourhood—was an organization as wisely planned as it was successfully performed.

The people loved these gatherings, and flowed from their homesteads in a stream to meet their friends and hear the preachers, who, if not educated men, were often eloquent, and always earnest.

When living in Donegal we frequently had these men to breakfast, my good old rector giving them sage and sweet advice in his study, while I, occupying a lower department, took care that the steed which was to bear the preacher many a mile should have a Benjamin's portion of good corn to speed him on his travels.

This love of social gatherings, in the cause of religion, seems to have spread among the more educated classes in the beginning of this century, and to have produced or accompanied the dawning

of Evangelical life in Ireland. In Dublin, while coldness, mistiness, or formality was found in many of the churches, weekly meetings for prayer or reading the Scriptures began to be held among the laity. The La Touche family, high in position and wealth, and ever foremost in good, now stood out in the cause of religion. Some of the learned fellows of Trinity College were pious and useful men, among whom were Dr. Henry Maturin, a cousin and namesake of the author's; Doctor John Ussher, afterwards Archdeacon of Raphoe; and Doctor Joseph Stopford, who had the largest class of pupils in college. Peter Roe, of Kilkenny, one of Ireland's best clergymen, told me many years afterwards, that he first learned the Gospel in Stopford's rooms, who "never lost sight of him," but had him ordained afterwards by introducing him to his kinsman, Dr. Thomas Stopford, Bishop of Cork.

Alderman Hutton, a rich citizen, opened his house in Leeson Street for meetings; and Mrs. Johnson, of Stephen's Green, a very accomplished old lady, had frequent evening assemblies of a decidedly grave character, where the Rev. James Dunne, chaplain of the Magdalene Asylum, and the Rev. Thomas Kelly, son of the Chief Baron of that name, and the author of so many beautiful hymns, presided, and led the conversation to good and high things.

The cause of God at this time was strangely benefited by an element of hostility. Persecution arose from some of the Church rulers, and opposition, as it always does, but fanned the gracious flame. Mr. Mathias, who occupied Bethesda Chapel (an unlicensed place of worship), the eloquent Chrysostom of Dublin, was inhibited by his Archbishop, Dr. Fowler, from preaching in any of the parish churches; and the Rev. Thomas Kelly, too independent in mind and in means, to obey where he could not respect, and too sensitive to endure continued thwartings, forsook the ministry of our Church for ever.

In the midst of these clouds there was much to cheer and encourage, and men began to arise who afterwards shone like stars in the Irish Church. Then stood forth Robert Daly, an honest and stout soldier in the defence of the Bible Society, against which many of the Bishops were arrayed. Edward Wingfield was with him, a fellow-minister, a Viscount's brother in the peerage of earth, but a King's son in the nobility of heaven; a man of a heavenly spirit, who died too soon for the good he wrought. Then stood up Horace Newman, Dean of Cork; and William Bushe, with the sweet voice and taking eloquence of his family, was soon about to draw crowds to hear the Gospel in the newly erected church of St. George's. Then there were active and godly laymen—Benjamin Digby, and

Thomas Parnell, and William Brooke, and James Digges La Touche, and Henry Monek Mason, and Richard B. Warren, and the Scotts and the Pennefathers, and Arthur Guinness, and many others—all helping forward by counsel, or by cash or by co-operation, in the cause and the spread of godly education.

About the year 1822, Dr. William Magee was translated from the Bishopric of Raphoe to the Arch Sec of Dublin. He had been a Fellow and Professor of Mathematics in Trinity College, and was a man of a superior intellect and boundless activity of mind and body. He had almost crushed Socinianism in Ireland by his book on *The Atonement*. It was a powerful Nasmyth-hammer, *malleus maleficorum*, coming down with resistless ponderosity against this brittle heresy; it was full of learning, logic, argument, and ludicrous sarcasm. Would that such a champion would arise among our bishops in this our day, to combat with something very like a reproduction of this old heterodoxy!

Under Archbishop Magee's active sway the diocese of Dublin, which had long been asleep, arose and shook off its indolence; good men were promoted, able men encouraged, and hard-working men assisted. The Archbishop at once licensed Bethesda Church,¹ and a large and handsome

¹ Called in *Brooks's Gazetteer* of the day "The Cathedral of Methodism!"

Wesleyan chapel in Great Charles Street, Mountjoy Square, was bought and brought into the Church, licensed by his Grace, and fitted for Church worship. With one so active and so ardent, it was impossible but that offences should come. In one of his first Charges he had styled the Roman Catholic body as a Church without a religion, and the Presbyterian body as a Religion without a church. Whether this clever antithesis was just or the reverse, it made him unpopular with the parties wincing under the two-edged sarcasm. Soon he improved the examination for Orders, making it more stringent and extensive. Church services and Church schools were watched over by this true *Επίσκοπος*, and the whole ecclesiastical arrangements, both in spirit and in action, in and around Dublin, exhibited health, prosperity, and vigour.

The beautiful county of Wicklow, abounding in resident gentry, and possessing a fine body of Protestant yeomanry, was studded with good ministers, between whom and the wealthy laity much cordiality of feeling and community of action existed. The Rev. William Cleaver, a Christ Church Oxonian, and the son of the late Archbishop, held the parish of Delgany, a gem of rural beauty, made up of landscape contributions from sea, and valley, and forest, and down, and mountain. He was a scholar, and a refined gentleman in mind and bearing, and united in himself things that were "true,

and just, and pure, and honest, and lovely," in a singular degree. His influence was as extensive as his kindness, and through both he drew within the circle of his beneficence, not only the neighbouring clergy, but also the gentry, and a number of young men preparing for orders, who gladly listened to his eloquent Gospel pleading, and profited by the example of his pastoral activity. Among these were two eminently useful ministers in after years, viz., the Rev. M. Enraght and the Rev. John W. Finlay, of Corkagh House, near Dublin. The latter an accurate and polished preacher, a ripe scholar, and the translator of the *Epistles of Horace* into English verse in 1871, a work of great elegance. Over his parish Mr. Cleaver had spread a network of machinery for teaching the ignorant, assisting the poor, and sustaining the afflicted, and his ample means were cheerfully spent in the service of his Master.

In the next parish—beautiful and romantic Powerscourt—resided Robert Daly, the late Bishop of Cashel, a man of strong sense, thorough inflexibility of principle, and singular honesty of purpose. He was of a noble Celtic race now represented by his nephew, Lord Dunsandle and Clan Conal, and was son to the Right Hon. Denis Daly, who represented the county of Galway in the Irish Parliament. Powerscourt under its rector became a model parish, in which Dissent was scarcely to be found. Mr. Daly was a busy pastor,

a sound preacher, and an agreeable platform speaker. He dealt in facts and good sense—strength was his element, and while his friend and neighbour Mr. Cleaver might be compared to the graceful Corinthian column, Mr. Daly represented the sturdy Ionic—plain, yet well-proportioned.

Many of the Dublin churches re-echoed, about this time and for some years afterwards, to good and teaching sermons. The Irish are a church-loving and church-going people—I have said this more than once because of its truth—and the congregations were large and steady.

In a chapel of ease off St. Mary's parish, the Rev. Benjamin Mathias, of whom mention has been made, ministered to crowding congregations. He was a good man, and beyond doubt a great orator, and had the "thoughts that breathe and words that burn" running like fire through many of his pulpit effusions. Distinct from him in strength and style, though not in spirit, was the Rev. Hugh White, curate of St. Mary's, whose many books were once well known and widely read. He had not much learning or logic, but a copious and sweet flow of persuasive divinity, like the ripple of a river, which at times would surge and swell to a pitch of eloquence which borrowed its fire from the earnestness and sincerity of the speaker. This man was a very faithful minister of the Church, and attracted many to its worship. About this time

Robert J. McGhee, the great controversialist, was ministering in a district church of Dublin, but afterwards to be transferred to a large but remote rectory, not far from Cambridge, and where I had the privilege of being his neighbour for nearly ten years. How many must remember his round, sweet tones, and his slowly delivered but masterly exegesis of Christian doctrine! On the platform he was more fiery and rapid; there he gave forth his views of the Canon Law of Rome clashing with and trying to overcome the Civil and Constitutional Law of England; and there, like another Cassandra, what he said was disbelieved, yet amply credited when given to the world by Mr. Gladstone a few years ago, and painfully realized by the events of time since then. It would be hard to forget Robert McGhee, for surely never was there a more cordial friend, a more accomplished gentleman, or a more graceful orator.

Occasionally the Dublin churches had the Rev. Richard Pope officiating within their walls; he was a striking man to look upon, as well as to listen to, with his tall attenuated figure, his black imperial head and pale brow, his monastic and mortified countenance, where power and humility seemed to strive, his manner so solemn, yet so gentle, and the deep melody of his magnificent voice, which, like the bass notes of an organ, seemed to issue like soft thunder from the lowest recesses of the man's being

A victim to over-refinement in spiritual things, and to morbid sensitiveness, he deserted our Church to seek one more pure, which he failed to find, and so came back again—alas! with broken health, but with a spirit, if it were possible, more subdued and Christlike than ever. Finally, after a long lapse of time, he preached a sermon, touching for its beauty and its holiness, in my church at Kingstown, and these were his last words in public, as he entered into his rest a short time afterwards.

I must not omit to speak of the gentle, quiet light which shone so steadily for long years around the person and the pastorate of the minister of Sandford Church. The Rev. Henry Irwin was no common man. His sermons were carefully composed, and delivered from a manuscript. They were a photograph of his mind, which was a beautiful and cultivated organ, extremely gentle but extremely strong and persistent for the right (he was the champion of Scriptural education for years), and his words fell like the large summer drops from heaven; while those of the Rev. John Gregg, now Bishop of Cork, who at this period was becoming known, were like a rushing river—"Instar Xelmuappov." Yet his speech at first was slow and measured; logical too, and not without happy antithesis; but as he rolled on with increasing speed, borne in the chariot of his oratory, and bearing his hearers along with him, his wheels would flash and ignite with the velocity

of their own friction, and before he had reached the peroration of his sermon, axle, spokes and nave would be all ablaze, and his discourse would die out like a shower of falling stars on an autumn night.

About this time there was a very faithful and hardworking body of clergymen occupying the churches in what are called "the Liberties" of Dublin, and much supported and encouraged in their parochial labours by the Very Rev. H. R. Dawson, Dean of St. Patrick's—an antiquarian, a warm lover of art, and a truly amiable Christian minister. This locality is still the poorest and most wretched in Dublin, though now adorned by the restoration of St. Patrick's Cathedral, at a cost of 150,000*l.*, by the generosity of one man—a merchant prince—the late Mr. Benjamin Lee Guinness. It was, and is still, inhabited by the poorest of journeymen mechanics and artizans, and its alleys, lanes, and courts were among the darkest and the filthiest in the city. Among these, this little band of clergy worked indefatigably: the sick were cared for, the paupers sought out, and hundreds of poor Protestants were kept from sliding into Romanism—the natural consequence of neglect—and were gathered into the churches on Sundays, and their children brought to the parochial and Sabbath schools, and thus kept from the wolf.

It would be wrong not to record the names of

these men. They formed a knot of true brethren; and once a week they met together for counsel and for prayer in the vestry-room of Swift's Alley Church, a building which had been purchased from the Dissenters, and afterwards episcopally licensed, and was now a regular poor man's church; the minister was the Rev. Edward Perry Brooke, A.M., a zealous pastor and a popular preacher.

Hither came, and presided, Dawson, from the Deanery: here came Hastings, from St. James's Church, rector; Kingston, from St. Catherine's, rector; Halahan, from St. Nicolas's, rector; Fleury, from Albert Chapel, chaplain; Burroughs, from St. Luke's, rector; Scott, from St. Audoen's, rector; Brooke, of Swift's Alley, chaplain.

Some of these men survive, and carry on the same good work; some have been translated to a different sphere. Dawson, Burroughs, Kingston, and Fleury sleep in Jesus; but all these men have left their mark in the soil where they ministered, and their work remaineth; and—

"To live in hearts of human kind,
Is not to die."

In one of these churches I heard the Rev. Nicholas Armstrong preach a controversial sermon to a crowded congregation, whose attention he held riveted for more than two hours. This man's course, like a star that rises late and quickly sets, was too brief to be so brilliant. He had not

many personal or physical advantages, save that of height and frame; his face was plain, and his accent strongly Irish; but I cannot imagine any orator, ancient or modern, to have reached and trod a higher pitch and path of eloquence than his sermons and his speeches exhibited. The richest fancy supplied him with pictures which his powers of classification rendered perfect. As they rose, he modelled them at once into shape and beauty. He was mighty in the Scriptures, an Irish Apollos, and could educe from the commonest texts a view at once original and admirable. His fluency was marvellous, his English unaffected and pure, and his earnestness intense; his climaxes were grand, and at times sublime. When describing the power and wisdom of Jehovah, he would commence among the minims of creation, and, gradually rising and swelling and surging as his subject ascended, he would lay hold of everything visible in earth or air or skies, and picturing each of them in strong and graphic brevity of speech, would pass onwards and upwards, till he had reached the throne of God, and the very heart and ear of Deity.

I heard a poor man, who sat behind me one evening in St. James's Church, exclaim, while Armstrong was preaching, "I could listen to him for two hours longer." And next day I met at dinner a gentleman who was in my class in college, and was a literary man, who said, "I went to hear

Armstrong last night, *bent on finding fault*; but before he had spoken for ten minutes he had me on his strong shoulders, and ran away with me—I know not where—over hill and dale, to the end of the world!"

His voice, though strongly provincial, was eminently sweet; the Clare accent being lost in his soft and feeling articulation. Sir Walter Scott mentions the same effect in Jeanie Deans's pleading address to the Queen. He had a little sigh when speaking, which interested his hearers unconsciously, and his mode of taking breath reminded me of Edmund Kean, whom I had often seen act in my boyhood. He dined with us one day, and I recollect his saying how he often had hours of sickness after the exertion of preaching. Alas! like a high-bred horse, he started at straws, mistaking shadows for substances, and left the Church of England, of which he was so bright an ornament, and became a minister, I believe, among the followers of Mr. Edward Irving.

I know it may be objected to the above sketches that they are partial and one-sided, and treat but of a single section in the Church of Ireland. Without going into names or parties, I would merely add that the clergymen I have mentioned, and such as they, were at all events the representatives of the men who *laboured* in their parishes, and were thus the *working* bees in the Church hive. There may be

an alteration now, but my business in these Recollections is with the past, not with the present. When I was young in the ministry, it certainly was the Evangelical body who led the van and did the work. This was near fifty years ago: the Revival had not long taken place, and the Church was in "the kindness of her youth, the love of her espousals." Has her Evangelicalism abated in its ardour since that time? has it gone down from the sanctified ascendancy which God gave it? and are its ministrations—as men say they are—enfeebled now, and no more like their former fibrous power than the breathing of a shepherd's pipe is to the blast of a clarion horn? Is there a want of unity of love and oneness of purpose among the professors of the system? Is there a too great cleaving to abstract dogmas in the pulpit, to the exclusion of the large love of the great Father, and the gracious emotions and heavenly virtues produced by the Holy Spirit? Is there a quiet and self-satisfied contempt for literature, art, and refined culture—lovely things which a kind Father has given to His children to increase their happiness here? I do not say these things are so; or, if they are so, whether they tend to produce that decadency of Evangelical power and life which they are so often now accused of doing; but *this* I know, that *wherever the Gospel of Christ is told forth with fervour, feeling, and simplicity, the people in*

this country, both high and low, throng to listen, and are never weary in so doing. Ritualism may dazzle the senses, Rationalism delight the intellect, but it is only a *full Christ*, all-sufficient in life for an holy example, all-sufficient in death for an atoning sacrifice, all-sufficient in glory to sanctify and help us by the impartation of His grace—it is only this Christ, like a full ocean breaking upon a thousand shores of feeling, and reaching and touching every realm of thought and life—it is this, and this only, that can, through the Spirit, go down and speak to the heart, and wake up its every pulse to the reception and enjoyment of a life which, begun then, will outlive death and last for ever.

CHAPTER III.

IN the year 1827, after graduating as A.B. in Trinity College, I commenced to attend my Divinity Lectures; the Fellow-Commoner Class furnished but sixteen men, and we were extremely happy together. Every morning during the term we met in the Library colonnade. When passing the marble bust of Doctor Brinkley, Fellow, astronomer, and Bishop of Cloyne, we ranged ourselves on the Law School benches, and there awaited Doctor Stephen Creaghe Sandes (afterwards Lord Bishop of Cashel, 1838), who was our very gentlemanly Lecturer, and patiently led our youthful footsteps through the controversial thorn-paths of Burnet on the "XXXIX. Articles," and again amidst the well-arranged dogmas of Bishop Pearson on the "Creed," or helped our flagging minds along the arid sand-tracks, weary and dreary, of Mosheim's "Ecclesiastical History." The other books which made up the divinity curriculum were Paley's "Evidences," Magee on the "Atonement," Wheatley on the "Common Prayer," Tomline on the "Articles," the whole Bible and the Greek Testament, and subse-

quently, I think, Bishop Butler's "Analogy." We were expected also to know the exposition put upon Scripture by the Commentaries of Bishops Patrick, Lowth, and Whitby.

Of a few members of our class I can trace somewhat with certainty. One, a cousin and namesake of our present Bishop of Down, and the most popular man in the division from his unvarying courtesy and kindness, and who had taken honours during his college course, became an English Dean in the eastern counties, and is now dead. One, reserved and stern, but always earnest and well made up in his task, is now a hard-working Archdeacon in a distant colony; a third, the scion of a once princely Celtic family, with a giant frame that

"Might grace the part
Of Ferragus or Ascopart,"

and which contrasted strongly with his suave voice and polished bearing, has been for years an active vicar and sound cleric in Westmeath; a fourth, an awkward and unshapely *lignum sacerdotis*, has mounted to dignity on the shoulders of a political apostasy; a fifth, learned far beyond his years, careless of his outward man, yet always agreeable and most amusing, was—why should I be slow to name him?—the Rev. Richard Hart, Vicar of Catton, near Norwich, and author of *Medulla Conciliorum*, *Materialism Refuted*, and other learned works.

Death has had his share of some, and others have turned aside and entered different paths of professional duty—men whom it is always pleasant to meet amidst the shadows of life's evening, and talk over the old bright days of college life. I would not presume to speculate on the motives which actuated the members of the Divinity Class to prepare for the ministry; sure I am, that most of them were excited by feelings which their subsequent life has justified. Young men at that time had a calmer sea to sail over, and things wore a simpler aspect. There were no breakers ahead, the winds of doctrine were not blowing all together as they are now, from the antagonistic points of High Church, Low Church, and Broad Church. Subscription had no terrors, and was unquestioned. Inspiration was an orthodox article and devoutly believed. Reason sat at the feet of Revelation, or embraced her as a loving sister. German divines were little studied, and less valued; and the whole denunciatory thunders of the Church Homilies against pope, papacy, and papistical creed and ceremony, which are now pooh-poohed by the finger of Liberalism, if not wholly condemned *pollice verso*, were then considered but as the natural and necessary afflatus of a sound Protestant and clerical constitution of thought.

One link which bound the clergy of the Dublin diocese in a close brotherhood was the clerical

meeting, to which I, after I had become a divinity student, was generally invited. In summer-time these gatherings were specially charming, being generally held in the county of Wicklow, where the homesteads and rectories were most picturesque, and the scenery by turns, soft, wild, or sublime,—

“Rock, river, glen, and mountain all abound
With bluest tints to harmonise the whole.”

Now we would assemble at the Rectory of Powerscourt, and after discussion and dinner, saunter amidst the thick oaks of the Dargle Glen, along whose hollow a mountain torrent thundered and foamed amidst rocks and boulders. Again we would gather at Mr. Synge's, an earnest and religious man, and a ripe scholar, at his beautiful residence, Glenmore Castle, one of the fairest gems of the County Wicklow, standing on a green platform half-way up the mountain, and hanging over the “Devil's Glen,” a deep, long, and rocky gorge, with its precipitous sides lined with trees, between which the river Vartry, rushing from its upper moorlands, flings itself down through a huge cleft rock into a deep, round pool, issuing from which, it traverses the glen in whirl and rapid on its way to the sea, a thing of beauty to the eye, and a song of music to the ear.

Or again, we would muster at Dunganstown Glebe, built loftily above the valley, with my valued and most kind-hearted friend, Thomas Acton, the

clergyman of the parish, where from the windows a vast tract of country is visible—Glenealy and the distant mountains which contain the wild lakes of Glendalough, and the Pass of Glenmalure, while about two miles off in the hollow, yet sloping to the hills, lay beautiful West Aston, an old hall, the seat of our host's brother, Colonel William Acton, M.P. for the county, with its battalioned limes, its quaint Dutch ponds, its heronry, and great timber, ancient and abounding.

The subjects discussed at these meetings were strictly biblical; generally the critical meaning of the original text of the Old or New Testament, as it occurred in the chapter under consideration; also the extent of the Atonement, whether limited, according to the Westminster Confession, or universal, according to the Articles of our Church; but the future Advent of the Lord was ever a popular subject, especially because of certain meetings for the discussion of prophecy which were being held in the parish of Powerscourt.

There was much scholarship and teaching criticism at these meetings, and men were there who had taken distinguished honours at their universities. I have spoken of Glenmore Castle as one of the houses where we met. Its master was an eminently accomplished man—a traveller and an artist; he was a skilled Hebraist, and had written, for the use of his sons, an excellent grammar of that

language, which he had himself drawn up, and printed in his house, possessing a press and a font of Hebrew types, and working the sheets off himself. This grammar was never published. I was kindly favoured with a copy, and years afterwards the second son of this family, the Rev. Alexander H. Synge, was my able, pious, and devoted assistant at Kingstown, but eventually died at Ipswich, some years ago.

Another bond of union with the Irish clergy was the occurrence of the April meetings in the Rotunda of Dublin. From five to six hundred clergymen flocked from the four provinces to these assemblies, which continued for four days. Occasionally a Church dignitary took the chair, and subjects previously given were well handled by competent speakers. There was much good will displayed; the *ὁμοθυμαδὸν* of the Apostles' meeting largely illustrated, and many brethren from England cordially welcomed, among whom were the Revs. Charles Bridges, Robert Bickersteth, Hugh Stowell, Hugh M'Neile, Dr. Nolan, Dr. Tucker, J. C. Ryle, Fielding Ould, Alexander Dallas, William Dalton, Edward Tottenham, &c., &c.

I was ordained on a Sunday morning, in the church of Glasnevin, in the summer of 1827, by the Bishop of Kildare, after an examination in the preceding week, held by his Archdeacon; my aim was to become located in the Diocese of Kilmore or

of Ardagh, where, in preceding years, five of my immediate family and name had been rectors. The Bishop of Kilmore was Doctor Beresford; he was known to my father, and he kindly promised me that if I came into his diocese he would "look after" me.

So I agreed to go down to Arvagh, in the county of Cavan, and give gratuitous help to the Rev. Henry Dalton, who had been my private tutor in college, and was an excellent man of the Evangelical school, and a fluent preacher. The whole village was Wesleyan as to its religion; and inimitable church-goers were these Arvaites. No storm, or night, or darkness, could keep them from the Sunday services, when Dalton preached unto a crowding mass, eloquently and well; the place was good to a young cleric for professional education; the visiting from cottage to cottage was incessant; but the accommodation of lodging was so wretched, that more than once I have met the pig essaying to mount the stairs to my sitting-room, and my quilt each morning was gemmed with dew-drops from the damp of the night. Here I met the first approach to harm I had ever experienced from my countrymen, on account of my religion or profession, though living at different times in town, suburb, and country.

The occasion was this. I had dined with Mr. Dalton at his lodgings in a lonely farm-house on a steep road, which went up to the Longford

Mountains. There had been a fair that day, and a fight between the Arvagh men and the Longford mountaineers, who were Roman Catholics, and very aggressive. I heard the rattling of their sticks and their wild cries as I descended the hill at 10 P.M. They had been beaten out of the village by the Arvagh men, and were now going home in straggling parties, very noisy and pugnacious. I heard one man shout, "Any money for the face of a Protestant." The party he belonged to was advancing towards me, when I slipped into a cabin by the roadside, and a kind old woman hid me behind a heap of turf in the kitchen; she then flung open her door, a man rushed in, a terrible ruffian with a torn hat,—“Mother, give us a coal of fire to light our pipes.” Three or four of them followed, and when they had “the coal” they rushed out again, hurraing up the road. I came forth and thanked her, and offered her money, which she would not take. “Now,” said she, “run home for your life, and God bring you safe.”

I needed not this friendly advice, for I certainly did speed like a lapwing down the hill till I reached the village, where I ran into the arms of the huge police-sergeant, who escorted me to my lodgings, all the way commenting on my rashness for “being abroad on such a night,” and assuring me “that had the Longford lads caught me in the dark on the hill-side, they were *that* vexed and angry

between the whisky and having been beaten, that *they surely would have made a spatch-cock of your Reverence!*"

Truly "a consummation" *not* "to be devoutly wished."

I never could make out the etymology of the word Arva or Arvagh. I should think it meant a hillock. It was not an agreeable place to live in, nor could we say with truth on quitting it, like Melibœus, "*Nos dulcia linquimus Arva.*" Its best feature to us was its Methodism, and the church-going habits of its poor people; they would brave the most pelting showers from the clouds, and wade ankle-deep through the muddy roads—paths there were none—to attend morning and evening services without fail.

Arvagh was an offshoot from the college living of Killeshandra, then held by the Rev. Dr. Hales. This old clergyman was an ex-Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, and was the author of some very learned works, of which the best known is his *Analysis of Chronology*, in four volumes quarto.

The Doctor's estimate of his own work was peculiar. He was dining at my father's, and took in the lady of the house to dinner: "Pray, madam, have you read my *Analysis*?"

"I am afraid to confess I have not."

"Well, madam, all in good time; but be sure to read it, you will find it as entertaining as a novel!"

Does not this remind one of Dr. Johnson's anticipation of enjoyment in Goldsmith's forthcoming *Animated Nature*? "Why, sir," he said to Boswell, "it will read as pleasant as a Persian tale."

When at Arvagh I rode over to see Dr. Hales, then a *very* old man. He was occupying the Rectory of Killeshandra; age had broken down his richly stored mind and impaired his memory, and he now "babbled of green fields;" yet, strange to say, his son assured us, that when his intellect appeared at the lowest ebb, if you were to place before him a problem out of Euclid, or a knotty calculation from Algebra, he would eagerly sit down and solve it as clearly and as accurately as when he was a hard-reading aspirant in his dear old *alma mater* in Dublin.

The living of Killeshandra is now held by the Venerable John Martin, who is Archdeacon of Kilmore.

Not very far from Killeshandra, on the road to Kilmore and Cavan, you come upon a network of lake scenery of a most picturesque nature, lying amidst low hills and wooded promontories. It is a kind of archipelago of continued water, island, and rock, the road winding and twisting like a grey serpent around bay, and strand, and pool,—a lovely labyrinth of wood, and shore, and green sod; all these small and seemingly distinct lakes are but

the one, and that is Loughcooter. Higher up is Cloughoughter Castle, where the sainted Bedell, Bishop of Kilmore, was imprisoned by the Irish rebels in 1641. It rises from a round island just large enough to contain the castle, and a narrow rim or margin of rock around it. The island stands in very deep black water; the shores are a mile distant, wild, yet thickly wooded. The building is not square, but round,—a beautiful ruin, massive and hoary, save where mantled with rich Irish ivy; the walls are immensely thick, with embrasures and coved windows. It is a Nidus, resembling one of the great towers of Conway Castle, and is supposed to have been built by the Sheridans,—the last chieftain of that gifted race, Donald, dying here in 1620.¹

I visited this spot from Arvagh on a bright winter day, and was charmed alike with the wild beauty of the lake, castle, and all around it, as I was mentally interested in seeing the dungeon from which the best of bishops, and the holiest of Christians, only escaped to die; and, remembering and thinking of all he had been to the Church and to the age—so good, so useful, so loving, and so self-denying, I could not from my soul but re-echo the prayer which the friar put forth over his grave:

“O sit anima mea cum Bedello!”

¹ See an article entitled “Quilca” in *Dublin University Magazine*, for November 1852, by the writer.

I left Arvagh hastily, being recalled by home troubles and sickness, but very soon afterwards was engaged in work, being put in temporary charge of the parish of Santry, near Dublin, during the absence of the rector, the Rev. Denis Browne, one whom I have reason to remember well, and esteem highly, in common with many others to whom his teaching and ministry proved a blessing. He was a man of a wonderfully sweet and engaging countenance, and gentle manners, yet bold and fluent in the pulpit, and untiring in his weekday work; the influence of his character, I may truly assert, pervaded the whole diocese. The nephew of a marquis, he was born in the purple, but would have preferred to live among the poor. Pride had no part in him; he was eminently humble, and in his bearing was a representative of simple and loving earnestness. He was a man who was too busy and too happy in his holy work to think of, or seek for, promotion. Wherever Denis Browne was, he created a little parish around him, and all were happy for the time to be his parishioners. His living of Santry was of slender emolument, and his support of scriptural education precluded all hopes of promotion from the existing Government, or their liberal Archbishop,—these parties doubtless gave him their respect, but nothing more—for *probitas laudatur et alget*; so this good man, like Thomas

Cranmer¹ in Shakespeare's play, was "kept out in the cold" until the incoming of the Conservatives in 1852, when he became Rector of Enniscorthy, and Dean of Emly; he died in 1864, a hard-working and a successful parish minister to the last.

During this course of time two remarkable men were preaching in the churches of Dublin, and they had the peculiar feature of being essentially un-Irish. One was the Rev. John Lloyd; he occupied the pulpit of a chapel in Peter Street, which had been originally a theatre or hippodrome, but now was converted into a house of worship, and regularly consecrated by the Archbishop. This church he filled each Sunday with admiring hearers, chiefly of the educated class. He had a most singular gift of condensation. It was indeed *multum in parvo*—weighty, sound scriptural matter rolled into a few words. He read his sermons with a swift, strong voice, and they never exceeded fifteen minutes, and his hearers always wished them to have been longer. Old Davie Deans would have called this "a small refection of spiritual provender;" but the brevity was, on the whole, popular, even in Ireland, where they are prone to expatiate, and think like Hob the miller, that "the multure from the meal sack is never the worse for another bolting."

¹ See *Henry VIII.*, Act v. Scene 2.

The other un-Irish minister was Charles Marlay Fleury, of French extraction. His great-grandfather, Antoine Fleury, had fled from France at the persecution of Louis XIV., 1686, and lived some years in Nassau, from whence he came to Ireland (1690) as chaplain to King William. With him he rode along the banks of the Boyne, and his old cassock, pierced with more than one bullet, and preserved by his descendants, testifies to his daring on that occasion. He had a good living from the King—Coolbanagher, in the Queen's County,—and his tomb is to be seen in the graveyard of the French church in Portarlington.

These Fleurys could count nine successive links in the chain of Huguenot *pasteurs*, commencing in the reign of Francis I., and Charles Marlay was the tenth. Short of stature, but extremely well-looking, with fair complexion, he possessed an original and cultivated mind, and was a man full of character and attractiveness; he was also an accomplished musician. As a church minister he was zealous and active; as a preacher and platform speaker, of the very first class. He was absolutely a master of the English tongue. Antithesis, climax, and formed sentence, rolled smoothly from his eloquent lips. He was always cool, never impetuous, and held the hunting steed of his oratory well in hand. From his family antecedents it may be supposed he was a sound, but certainly not a

violent Protestant. He was evangelical in his views, and had a power of expression in extemporary prayer I never yet found equalled, much less surpassed.

Yet this man of brilliant talents and most blameless walk in social and domestic life was left to pine and die in comparative poverty, unnoticed by his diocesan, and unrewarded by the Liberal Government, because he upheld the cause of scriptural education, while twenty men, twenty times his inferiors in goodness and in gifts, were promoted to dignities and deaneries, and even to bishoprics, as a reward for the compliment they paid the Government in their approval of their system of education.

For in 1847 Lord Clarendon, our Viceroy, said, his "intention was to confine the Church patronage of the crown in Ireland to those who had given the most unequivocal support to the National Board."

And this principle—naturally productive of jobbing and tergiversation—was strictly carried out.

Yet shortly afterwards, Archbishop Whately, once a patron and supporter of the system, but always an honest and a pious man, writes: "The Jesuits in the National Board got rid bit by bit of all religion."

CHAPTER IV.

In the year 1828 I went down to the King's County, having accepted the curacy of Kinnity. My rector was the Rev. John Travers, a truly religious man; he was as scholarly and as quaint as Parson Adams, and as kind and as simple-hearted as the Vicar of Wakefield.

On my way I spent a few bright days at Leap Castle with my friend Mr. Horatio Darby, who told me a fact which I do not think our English neighbours are at all cognisant of,—that a *very* large body of respectable Protestant yeomanry, numbering some hundreds, were among his brother's tenantry, and this in the immediate neighbourhood of Tipperary the turbulent.

I had before found the Protestants thickly clustering at Arvagh, and afterwards in the small parish of Abbeyleix, in the Queen's County. I had myself gone round and made the census, and found my own flock to consist of 1,000 souls, and all church-going people.

In 1842 the Protestants of Ireland numbered two millions.

I could not but think how inaccurate the great Mr. Canning was when he said, "The Protestants of Ireland are a miserable minority, who never go to church, and hate a Papist!"

It is impossible to express the amount of mischief which a saying so ignorant and reckless as this might produce, or the *animus* it would be likely to stir up between the two countries. We *are* unquestionably a church-going people, and no true Irishman hates his Roman Catholic brethren, however he may dislike the dark faith which divides them from each other, and degrades by its superstition, and subjection to a foreign yoke, an otherwise most generous and intelligent race.

It was in Kinnity that I first made the acquaintance of the Rev. Frederick Fitz-William Trench, a very remarkable man and minister, and cousin to the author of *Realities of Irish Life*. His father was a brother of the first Lord Ashtown. Mr. Trench had been a gay and thoughtless man at Trinity College, Cambridge, till arrested by Mr. Simeon's preaching, when a change passed over him, and, entering the ministry, he became an able and devoted clergyman. His tall, attenuated form seemed well to represent the self-denial and holiness of his life, and the eloquent, yet severe simplicity of his preaching attracted, while it taught, the crowds who thronged his church at Cloughgordan, in the county of Tipperary.

No doubt he had a leaning towards asceticism, and strangers thought him stern, but his friends knew well how genial he was in private, and how kindly he participated in the happy amenities of domestic life; and also what a decided, though undeveloped, taste he possessed for pure literature—publishing in his later life some excellent treatises on Church and doctrinal matters, and also an interesting volume called *Illustrations of Truth*. He was a man of inflexible determination; what he believed he avowed openly, acted on, and never swerved from; and he generally was in the right. He professed the politics of his family, and was a strong Whig, which circumstance separated him from many of his clerical brethren, especially on the matter of scriptural education; yet still he had the love of many, and the true respect of all. I think it was about the year 1840 that he got up a revival in his parish of Cloughgordan. Numerous clergymen, myself among the number, were his guests. Three or more daily services were held in the church, early prayer meetings before day-dawn in the cottages, lectures in school-houses, and preachings in the open air. Trench himself was the life of the movement. The Rev. John Brandon, a good man—a Boanerges—with a voice like a hunter's horn, addressed a crowd from the dickey of a carriage in the village street. Gentle Francis Hewson was an earnest pleader for his Master and the Gospel cause.

Burdett came from Banagher, and Macausland from Birr. I had my part to perform, but I felt the excitement more productive of weariness than the mere labour, and I retired after the third day utterly exhausted; others did the same. Trench, however, was a man of iron, and carried the work on for three days more, having obtained fresh relays of clergymen. I do believe much good was effected by this work, and in after-life at Kingstown I met during my ministry there many who traced to the Cloughgordan revival the beginning of a new and a happier life.

Mr. Trench never attained to rank in the Church, most probably because he never sought it, and would have valued it only as a means of doing further good. He was thoroughly independent in his means, as he was in his principles and his conduct. From his hale constitution his friends presaged for him a very long life, but he died rather suddenly in Dublin in the month of December, 1869, mourned by his family, and universally esteemed and regretted by the whole Church of Ireland. More than thirty years after my first meeting with Trench, his son Robert, who was my godson, and at that time an undergraduate of Trinity College, Cambridge, used to come over to my rectory, near St. Ives, in Huntingdonshire, and remain with us from Saturday till Monday. He was occasionally accompanied by George Ensor, of

Queen's College, Cambridge. Both these lads were intended to be missionaries, Trench to India, Ensor for China. They were fine, bright, intelligent young men, full of health, life, and promise, and unaffectedly pious. Eventually Ensor went to China, and is still alive. Trench, full of zeal, overworked himself in India, and died of fever, and was soon followed to the grave by his beautiful young wife, the daughter of an excellent Irish clergyman, Francis Hewson, Rector of Dunganstown, one of our Revival men.

I have said that Mr. Trench differed from many of his Church brethren on the subject of education; and on the formation of the National Board in 1832 he attached himself and his schools to it. Five years before, the ninth report of "The Irish Education Inquiry" had stated that, "out of 11,823 schools, there were more than 8,000 in which the Holy Scriptures were freely read, by choice of teachers who depended for their bread upon the goodwill of the scholars' parents" (for the Irish peasant reveres God's Book, and would eagerly read it if his clergy would permit him).

The report, on making the above announcement, goes on to say, "This great amelioration in the education of the Irish peasantry is still in progress, and cannot be checked but by interference of the State;" and alas! the State *did* interfere, and *did* check this bright promise; and the result was mournful and disastrous.

The rapid growth of Scripture education in the schools of the Kildare Place and the London Hibernian Societies was now becoming a matter of notoriety. Archdeacon Martin, an ex-Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, and a strong pillar in the edifice of the Irish Church, had proved that "300,000 Roman Catholic children were *voluntarily* enjoying the blessing of Scriptural education."

All this roused the Romish priests, and, instigated by them, O'Connell, Shiel, and Wyse rushed to the rescue in the House of Commons, and succeeded; and Mr. Stanley, the Irish Secretary, acknowledging that "the reading of the Bible in the schools was a *vital defect*," conceded to the Romish prelates all their demands, and the National Board was established, and endowed with an immense sum from the purse of the nation, and the former endowment of the Kildare Place Society cancelled.

Sixteen hundred out of 2,000 of the Irish clergy refused to avail themselves of the revenues of the new system, or to act in connection with a Board which precluded the teaching of God's Word to every child in their schools. The late Bishops O'Brien and Daly, and the present Primate especially, strongly and publicly opposed the system which, from the largeness of its funds, threatened to be popular and successful. At this crisis the

Church Education Society was formed, and for long years has struggled on, frowned on by Whig Governments and Liberal Archbishops, and receiving no help from either, and its own clergy paying for their own schools to the amount of 40,000*l.* per annum. Such it was fifteen years ago, when I sat on its committee with such admirable men as the Bishops of Ossory, and of Cashel, and of Meath; Archdeacons Johnson, Bell, and Thacker; Revs. Charles Stanford, William Trench, William Pollock, Maurice Day, John Griffin, J. Kingston, Hamilton Verschoyle, Denis Crofton, William Brooke, Espine Batty, Robert Wilson, &c.

Then for nearly two score years there were *Bella, horrida bella*, carried on between the two systems. The combat equalled in intensity, as it surpassed in length of time, the Thirty Years' War in the seventeenth century, only here was no city sacked, or blood spilt, only abundance of ink poured out, pamphlets issuing from either host as thick as shells at Sebastopol, *ἔπεα πτερόεντα*, winged words flying from pulpit and from platform like the English arrows at the battle of Crecy. Surely it is pardonable to throw a little levity around a subject so deadly heavy! Never was the Church and the world so tired of any controversy. "All fled the unwelcome story," yet, strange to say, the animus was kept up so vigorously in the public mind, and with such anxiety, that it is said

that a certain lively Irish girl, on finding her mother one evening depressed and nervous, addressed her thus: "Dear mother, what is troubling you so? Is it original sin—or maybe it's the National Board?"

A spirit of inquiry had been awakened at this time from the teaching of the Bible in those schools which had preceded the establishment of the National system; our ministers had again and again challenged the Romish priests to a public discussion, encouraged by such orthodox prelates as Jebb, Bishop of Limerick, in 1820, and Archbishop Magee in 1823; but as the Jesuit Fitz Simons fled from James Ussher, so these priests eschewed the battle in almost every instance.

Dr. Murray of Askeston, afterwards Dean of Ardagh, commenced the controversial campaign in 1824, and in two years he had 470 converts from Romanism. He was followed at different periods by the Rev. Robert Daly, Arthur Preston, Edward Nangle, James Cosins, Robert McGhee, Richard Pope, the two O'Sullivans, Thomas Moriarty, Daniel Foley, Alexander Hanlon (the last five converts from Rome, and all eminently intelligent men and steady Protestants). Then there was Godfrey Massy of Limerick, one of the holiest and most successful ministers our Church ever produced,¹ and last and greatest of all, Dr. Tresham Dames Gregg; other

¹ See his *Life*, by his brother, Dawson Massy,—a most interesting and instructive volume.

controversialists might be reckoned giants, but this man was the Titan.¹

In later times Edward A. Stopford, archdeacon of Meath, came forward as a powerful master of the Roman controversy in his unanswerable articles in the *Catholic Layman*, and in this our day Dr. Charles McCarthy, rector of St. Werburgh's, manages the controversial department of the Society for Irish Church Missions with equal degrees of learning and skill, set off by the most unruffled good humour, amidst every opposition and provocation.

All these and many more have lent their aid in this good work of adding to the Church those who should be saved, and numberless conversions from Romanism showed the efficacy of their labours, and the work has been going on steadily ever since, though sadly checked by the numerous perversions which take place among our brethren in England. So many clergymen of weight and education passing over to Rome is, without doubt, a lamentably cogent argument in the mouth of an enemy, against the truth of our Church, and one vehemently used and asserted by the Roman Catholic clergy on all and every occasion.

In this country, and in our despised yet thoroughly sound and honest Church, we have had few perversions. *I cannot recall in long years more*

¹ This was said by the Rev. George Croly of Æschylus, in comparison to Sophocles and Euripides.

than two. There may have been more, but I never heard of them. One was a Rev. Mr. Montgomery, of whom I know nothing;¹ the other gentleman was a Rev. Mr. Kirke, a great musical genius, and, I am told, at present pianist to the Pope. But two renegades in the Irish Church out of over two thousand clergymen!—verily a small minority when compared with the Romeward exodus in England. But then *we* never had such a master spirit as Oxford still possesses—one quietly occupied through many a year in breaking down the Church principles of academic youth and clergy, by accustoming them to Popish doctrine and rite, thus gently pushing them to the very verge of the precipice, and then, without even one merciful sigh of deprecation or pity, launching them along the bridge which this *Pontifex minimus* and his party have built over the chasm which divides us from Rome, and along which *via dolorosa* hundreds have gone, and are going, and none come back.

“Vestigia nulla retrorsum.”

I have said I can recall but two clergymen who have left the Irish Church for the Church of Rome, but I have been intimately acquainted with *many* who, deserting Romanism, have become active and

¹ Since writing the above I have heard interesting details of this gentleman, and can state confidently that he died in the simple faith of the Gospel, and independent of all Romish rites, though I believe still in the pale of that apostate Church.

useful clergymen in our Church, and continued to run a steadfast course therein. I shall name a few of them:—Rev. Mortimer O’Sullivan, rector of Tanderagee, diocese of Down; Rev. Samuel O’Sullivan, chaplain to the Royal Military School, Phoenix Park (both these brothers, men of high literary attainments, are dead); Rev. Thomas A. Moriarty, A.M., rector of Ballinacourty, Tralee; Rev. Daniel Foley, late Professor of the Irish Language in Trinity College, Dublin; Rev. John Lynch, A.M., incumbent of St. John’s, Monkstown, Dublin; Rev. Matthew Moriarty, Killagblee, Raphoe; Rev. Roderick Ryder, incumbent of Errismore, diocese of Tuam; Rev. William Burke, incumbent of Tourmaqueady, diocese of Tuam; Rev. J. Breasbie, incumbent in Canada West. Then there are Rev. Messrs. Fitzpatrick, Leo, Moran of Roundtown; O’Callaghan of Oughterard, county Galway, now dead; and Nolan, also dead—*cum multis aliis*.

These men were almost all priests, or *ligna sacerdotum*, “going to Maynooth;” and they all relinquished position (for the Church of Rome ever promotes ability, if it be but subservient to her sway), and more or less encountered persecution for conscience’ sake; and their reception into our Church was not distinguished by any particular warmth of welcome, nor were their advantages in her communion, from station or emolument, anything but of a very ordinary nature.

CHAPTER V.

IN the year 1829, while a curate at Kinnity, I received priest's orders in the old Cathedral of St. Fiannan, at the hands of Bishop Ponsonby of Killaloe. Previously to our ordination, I and my reverend *confrères* underwent a slight examination from the chaplain of the Bishop.

Immediately after this event I was obliged to resign my pleasant curacy from ill-health; but in the summer of 1830 I accepted another, and went up to the north, among the bracing hills of Donegal. My curacy was that of Conwall, embracing the town of Letterkenny, and my rector was Joseph Stopford, D.D., of whom I have spoken before as a Fellow of Trinity College, and I may truly say that a better or a more heavenly-minded man I never met before or since; he had the learning of a sage and the simplicity of a child, and such taste and refinement as to render his companionship equally profitable and delightful.

These Stopfords were hereditary college men; my rector's father being a Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, in 1753, and *his* father also a Fellow in 1727,

and afterwards Bishop of Cloyne, having immediately succeeded the great Berkeley in that See in 1753.

This parish¹ was about sixteen miles long by eight deep, and contained the ruin of "Temple Douglass," or the dark green church where St. Columbkille is reported to have ministered. Three miles further on, in the next parish, there are a few stones, standing by the beautiful lake of Gartan, which are said to mark the house where the saint was born—a matter of little interest to those who live there, the Donegal folk in general not being either poetical or archæological in their tastes. The parish is bisected from east to west by the wild and picturesque valley of Glenswilly, which abuts on Lough Swilly, connecting it with the sea. On the north and west are grand mountains.

Not very far from us lived John Ussher, the archdeacon of the diocese, a lineal descendant of the great Archbishop of that name. He was rector of Rahy, which means a "fort," and his house was at Sharon, a place of horrible notoriety for a murder in 1797, when a body of rebels dragged Dr. William Hamilton from the staircase to whose banisters he clung, and piked him to death on the lawn; he had given no provocation of any kind, save that he was an active magistrate. The rain and storm of eighty years have washed this poor man's blood from the green sod, but centuries will fail to obliterate the

¹ It contained 45,200 acres, and in 1830 had seven scriptural schools.

blot from the historic shield of Ireland's mistaught and erring sons.

Now, all was halcyon peace here and quietness. The Archdeacon was an illustration of gentleness in his bearing; he had been a Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin (most of the large livings in Donegal were College presentations), his life was most Christian, and he died suddenly in his pulpit, when preaching a sermon on the love and mercy of his Saviour.

His brother, Henry Ussher, also an ex-Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, held the wealthy parish of Tullyaugnish, near to us; while entombed among savage rocks and cliffs and broad white strands, and wild natural arches and great mountains, Henry Maturin, D.D., a third ex-Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, occupied the parish of Fanet, and reared a fine family on the shores of romantic Mulroy, amidst the roar and the rush of the great waves of the Atlantic—

“παρὰ θίνα πολυφλοίσβοιο θαλάσσης.”

Maturin was cousin to his namesake, the author. He was a fluent extempore preacher, and inclining to Calvinistic views; he had words¹ softer than the

¹ “Do you know Dr. Maturin, of Dublin College?” asked an old lady (a friend of ours) of the Rev. Rowland Hill—the great London preacher, renowned for his oddity—at a dinner party many years ago. “Yes, Madam,” said the veteran, “Maturin is a charming chap—a charming chap, Madam. If a storm came on, Maturin’s face and voice would make peace.”

droppings of oil from a cruet, and singular conversational powers, yet could say a very smart thing, as once when a lady was eulogising some semi-Popish practices, “Madam,” he said, “you are quite wrong.”—“Nay,” she said, “how can that be, when my mind tells me I am right?”—“Simply,” he answered, “because you have so long been in the habit of advocating what’s wrong, that your mind has become a convert to its own errors.”

One other neighbour we had of whom I shall not say much, as he still lives; and anything I write of him must be so eulogistic that it would be sure not to please him. The Rev. Maurice George Fenwick was one who combined in his person a large measure of natural and acquired accomplishment; he had a striking presence, and excelled in all manly exercises. In his youth he could row, ride, act, fence, paint, and sing equally well—but, better than all, he was now a devoted minister of the Gospel. His reading of the Church Service was a delight to hear, and, the poor people said, “as teaching as a sermon;” his voice was deep and dramatic. I never heard finer or more melodious tones—more feeling or effective. With such a voice, and a soul warmed with Divine life, I need not say how attractive he was as a preacher. He had a parish on the sea-coast, but resigned its care to his curate, he living entirely with the Bishop, who was his uncle, at the castle, Raphoe, where I have often seen him of an evening,

after the business of the day, unbend and enjoy himself amidst his family with almost a schoolboy simplicity and glee. Much of the business of the diocese, I should fancy, passed through his hands. Eventually he became Archdeacon of Raphoe, and on Dr. Bisset's (the Bishop's) death, he assumed his name—as ancient a name as his own—on succeeding to his estates in Scotland. Mr. Fenwick Bisset and I were at school together, and I have enjoyed the privilege of his intimate friendship unbrokenly for more than sixty years.

Such were a few of our clerical neighbours. Occasionally we had deputations from Societies, but we lived much among and for the people, a race so peculiar that I am tempted to diverge awhile from my Church track, and give my readers some sketches of these Glenswillians.

Of course, as in every community, there were bad and turbulent fellows among them, as the event showed; but in general it may be said of them, that a kinder or more warmhearted peasantry cannot be found, nor a race of people more susceptible of strong and enduring friendship. Among the men was much industry, decency, honest independence and shrewdness, and certainly great love of gain. The women were domestic and pure; the young girls skilful spinners; and often on a wet and stormy day they would gather all their wheels into some large barn or kitchen in the hamlet, and sit

and spin and chat, and sing together, oftentimes hymns, or the Psalms of Sternhold and Hopkins, till the going down of the sun. Now, as for the glen itself, Thomas Moore has immortalized the sister vales of Cachmere and Avoca in his Oriental and Hibernian verses, but there are few more sweet and lovely valleys “in this wide world” than Glenswilly, if only seen at the right time and season—which is on a soft autumnal afternoon, when the sun is bright, and the corn is being cut along the holms, and the swift Swilly runs clear as a diamond within its green banks, and the rowan berries are blushing red among the leaves of the mountain ash, and the poplars are trembling by the river, and the holly is glistening amidst the rocks, and the golden sallows are listening to the ripple of the water, and the song is sweet, and the whistle is shrill, and the laughter rings clear, and the voices are merry as they come up together through the mellow air from those knots of harvesters who are binding the stooks amidst the yellow stubble, and the blue smoke curls up from the wild wood on the hills, disclosing where many a tiny farmhouse lies, like a bird in its nest, ensconced amidst green banks and leaves, and girded by rocks and rills in its mountain solitude.

Through the Glen, winding and twisting like a silver serpent, runs the Swilly, pronounced with Ionic softness, Suillie, poetical in sound and in

signification—the word meaning “eyes,” expressive of its stream, which dimples all over with eyes on its way to the sea.

At the western head of the Glen rises the “wee toun” of Letterkenny—self-important, yet flourishing, and affecting great things—for its inn is an “hotel,” its shopkeepers are “merchants,” and its “port” is no bigger than a horse-pond. It is certainly an ambitious and an extremely litigious little place, and diversified in its polemics, containing seven distinct places of worship, viz :—a church, a meeting-house, a secession chapel, Baptist and Covenanters’ churches, a Methodist chapel, and a Romish cathedral—each withdrawing one from the other, and agreeing to differ—widely as ever they can.

I have said that these Glen people were peculiar in their habits, and I have asked permission to say something of their ways and doings. In the year 1830, when I lived among them, a class of them were notorious as being “Glenswilly Legislators,” law-givers according to their own wild system, though it is probable they had never heard of, much less seen, St. Stephen’s Chapel. They met in their remote homesteads, and passed a “Glenswilly Decree,” which, when carried out, eventuated in a night foray against a neighbour’s property—the abduction of a horse or a cow, or, in one case to my own knowledge, a beehive, with bees and honey ; in another case a feather-bed and bedstead which had been promised

as part dowry to a peasant bride, and withheld by a niggardly father—thus combining in themselves the legislative and executive departments. On one occasion, wishing to give a young horse a run on the grass for a month or two, I inquired of a Glen woman, a decent farmer’s wife, what her terms would be for the grazing. The answer was abrupt but wise : “Have you not got oats at home ? Keep your horse in his own stable, he will thrive best when his master’s hand is on his mane. If we had him, our Glenswilly Boys might carry him off some fine night ; and surely *it is better to say ‘here’ he is, than ‘there’ he was ;*” and the advice was followed. Yet along with this passion for lawless legislation, the Glen folk are intensely fond of going to law regularly, and look forward to the Quarter Sessions with longing desires, which are felt as much by the proccesser as by the processed party, each expecting, at all events, a good tough argumentation at what they call the “la”—(law).

Our gardener having lately buried his wife, was now, in the idiom of the county, “a wuddow man,” and having got into some paltry dispute concerning the deceased’s assets, he processed her brother to the “la,” when, after spending four times the value of the disputed articles, he got soundly beaten by the judgment of the court—which consummation, however, he communicated to us with a grin of real satisfaction.

"Thon man has *bet* me in my la shoot; I *ped* ten shilling to get wee Sam Sproul¹ out o' Ramelton, and, ech my oh! but wee Sam gave it to them in talk for better than three hours. Well, he bates a' at the *la*; and so though I lost the shoot, *it's a great comfort to my mind that it was so weel wrangled!*"

May I now present to my readers a great character, whom I shall designate by the title of our "Glenswilly Prima Donna"?

At our School-house Lectures in the Glen, this old woman, named Hatty Gallasp, was rather a difficulty, and our litigious gardener well defined her as "a fulish auld Methody body." She was daughter to a bygone parish clerk, and was born, bred, and suckled amidst Psalm tunes. Her voice was hopelessly cracked. She was as deaf as a post, and would not give in to any of the modern tunes, but persisted in rejecting all but those which "her feayther and her sung on Sabbaths in the wee gallery of Conwall Church, when Rector Span was in it." Thus any little harmony we possessed was jeopardized by the eccentricity and intractable voice of this intense amateur, who generally was half a dozen notes before or a bar behind the other singers.

I once had the hardihood to expostulate, but gently (for singers, like poets, are an irritable race), and suggested that she should not "sing *quite* so

¹ A popular local solicitor.

loud," when she answered, "I had a cowld, my dear, I had a cowld thon time, but now I'se got quet of it, and praise be to the Maker, if I do not gie them a skirl on the Auld Hundredth next time, I'll gie yees leave to say, what naebody ever said of Hatty Gallasp, or of her feayther afore her, that she could na sing *oot*." Accordingly, when the occasion came, she dashed out, upsetting every voice about her, holding time, tune, and harmony at defiance; and after the rest had concluded, continuing the strain, as she executed a prolonged solo, her poor old shaking voice quivering and quivering up amidst the rafters of the roof like an insane skylark in bronchitis.

We had amongst us, too, rather an eminent theologian: we will call him Alaac McCraub. He was a well-to-do Presbyterian farmer, a respectably conducted man, but an original in his way; he was tall, raw-boned, ferrety-eyed, high-cheeked, sandy-haired, and had his hands thrust up to the wrists in his waistcoat pockets, and his short upturned nose snuffing the wind. He was sauntering home from market as my brother and I rode up and entered into conversation with him; we chatted on the prices of flax, butter, oats, &c.; then, knowing him to be fierce and dogmatical on all subjects connected with theology, and wishing to draw him out, I said, "But where did I see you going in the Glen last Sunday, Mr. McCraub, and on horseback too?"

I thought that you 'meeting people' were strict Sabbath-keepers, and did not forget the fourth commandment?"

"So we are, so we are, sir," said Alaac, greatly confused; but quickly recovering, he drew himself up, and added, "I was just going a mile or two to the lower Brae, not more than a wee bit ower a Sabbath day's journey, just to visit my stock, lest there should be an ass or an ox fallen into a pit; ye ken, gentlemen, the Scripthure allows us to pull it out." On delivering this piece of triumphant self-justification, Alaac smiled grimly, and proceeded to tell us of a young preacher, who had been holding forth the preceding Sabbath in the Meeting-house, and concerning whose being "oorthodox and all reight" (they gutturalize the "r" in this word vigorously) Alaac had his ponderings.

"Did you like his sermon?" I asked.

"As a seermun I say, No; it was but a wee bit of Goospel dooctrine. Man is an inquisitive animal, and I should have liked some more feeding—a skemp or twa of dooctrine on the five points. No seermun is a seermun at a' that has not the five points in its head, tail, text, body, soul, and backbone. I mislike yon preacher—a verra young man. I'm dooting if he has not a touch of the harracy of the Armennians in him, which is all one to my mind as Papishy itself." Alaac delivered this with singular acrimony for so accomplished a Divine.

"You are a great theologian, Mr. McCraub," I said.

"Just a wee, sir—not over much; I've read a little on the subject whiles, and wrangled it over with the neighbours in the long winter nights. I hold the five great points all rrrheight, and will always purtest as lang as I have a tongue in my mouth or a tooth in my head, against Papishy, Armennianism, Methodyism, and all other filthy harracies and hatteradoxies to my life's end."

We parted now, wishing our polemical friend "good evening," Alaac shouting after us that he would call at my Parish Library "for the fourth volume of Dr. Ouwen's (Owen) work on the Haybrews—a grand Divine, sir, and all sound on the five points."

But it was when statedly returning "on Sabbaths" from the "Meeting-house," that all the divinity of polemics was stirred within Alaac, and theology came mended from his tongue, as he discussed the sermon he had just heard. Then in a high, dry, conceited tone, he would argue, and re-argue, and rebut, and answer again, and prove, and reprove, and disprove, and shake it up, and shake it down, and twist it this way, and that way, and the other way, and "wrangle it weel," till there was not a bone or sinew in the whole sermon which he had not dislocated or fractured to the satisfaction of himself and his hearers, who regarded him as "dootless one who had the geft

(gift) ; and my oh ! but he's powerfu' in the talk !"

I shall now beg to introduce among our Glen characters a person of a totally different style and character, illustrating an extreme case, and an exception to the canon rule of general order and propriety which existed among our church-people. This man was a Protestant, a drunken mad fellow, and as it fell, upon a day he came along the Glen staggering and singing, to the terror of the passers-by ; for this C—— was a tall, squinting, seminude, raw-boned giant ; when, whom should he descry, but "wee Robin" Wilkinson, of Tullybrae, "a modest¹ boy," coming along quietly. In either hand the Bacchanalian held a large stone, probably on the tight-rope principle of preserving his equilibrium, and regarding Robin manifestly as an offering sent, against whom, as from a catapult, he might discharge the same, he accosted the little man, and told him "he was going to knock him down with one stone and knock him up with the other !"

But Robin was "still caulm and canny," and answered: "Well, James, wait a while, my oh ! but you look drouthy, man ! I wager you a glass of beer that I run and reach the Miltown public house before you, and then you must pay for it a'."

The giant, with a savage whoop, dropped both

¹ "Modest" signifies "well-behaved."

stones, and shot past wee Robin, who was pretending to run, but the moment after he vaulted over a low wall on the road-side, and made up the hill to his own quiet and orderly home.

One more trait of my Glenswillians and I have done. They exhibit a devouring curiosity to know *who you are* on all occasions. I shall mention a rencounter I had with one of these "curious impertinents" as I was riding on a lonely road near the Glen ; he too was on horseback, and, spurring up his pony alongside of me, the following dialogue took place :—

Traveller : "Thou's a braw day for the craps."

Myself : "It is."

Traveller : "I reckon you are from Strabane side ?"

Myself : "No."

Traveller (seductively) : "Likely you're in the saft goods line in Darry ?"

Myself : "I've not that honour."

Traveller : "Well, well ; I should not wonder if you were one of Ractor Stopford's schulmeasters from Latterkenny !"

Myself : "You are quite wrong."

Traveller (getting desperate) : "I'm no that sure that you a'n't an Exciseman."

Myself : "I have not such happiness."

Traveller (excited) : "My oh ! my oh ! mon, but it's steff you are, *who care you at all ?*"

Here I spurred on, leaving him in a perfect agony of inquisitiveness; when he bellowed after me, "*Ech man, what's your name, what's your name?*" to which, turning in my saddle, I answered in a sonorous voice—

"Τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς,"

leaving the baffled catechist in despair.

"Sic me servavit Apollo."

CHAPTER VI.

THE Bishop of Raphoe at this time, 1833, was, as I have said, Doctor Bisset. He was an Englishman, a very eminent classical scholar, and a strong opposer of the sweeping measures of so-called Church Reform, which had now begun to be agitated in the House of Commons, and which have since terminated in the spoliation of the Irish Church. The Bishop was a kind and hospitable man, and when the cholera came like a ravening wolf amid the cabins and the cottages round about Raphoe, his Lordship offered to remove his carriages and horses, and that his coach-houses and stables should be fitted up as a cholera hospital for the poor—a noble act, which he would have carried out, only a much more convenient building was found.

He conversed well and impressively, but was inclined to be a little Johnsonian, and too antithetical in his speech; as when in a loud voice he addressed a servant who had brought in to the breakfast-table a piece of burnt toast: "Take it

away, sir. As toast, 'tis bad; as bread, 'tis spoiled." Yet after all perhaps this was but "his humour."

His predecessor had been Dr. William Magee, afterwards Archbishop of Dublin. He had come to Raphoe in 1819, and had ruled the diocese with activity and zeal. The late Dean of Ripon, Hugh McNeile, was licensed by him as curate of Stranorlar, and afterwards became the Bishop's son-in-law; he was succeeded in this curacy by Richard Pope, of whom I have already spoken. John C. Lloyd, also mentioned before, filled this post, and likewise Mr. Lovett, afterwards the well-known minister of Marbœuf Chapel in Paris. The Bishop certainly collected the best men about him, and his own excellent son, John Magee, was labouring at Meevagh, a wild and obscure parish lying on "the North Sea's foam," high up in Donegal. Mr. Lovett was nephew to the Rector of Stranorlar, Rev. Robert Butt, "an elegant and accomplished scholar," and father to Mr. Isaac Butt, the present leader of the Home Rulers in the House of Commons, who at this time must have been a very young man, if not a mere lad. Towards Mr. Butt, sen., the Bishop had such kindly feelings of respect and regard, that when he became ill at one time, and his curate was absent, the Bishop told him to keep his mind at ease, for that he would supply him with a brother minister each Sunday to do his

work; and when such a substitute was not to be had, then Bishop Magee rode over and took the whole Sunday service and sermon himself, and this more than once.

He was wonderfully mobile and active: with his small, lithe, well-knit frame, mounted on a tall and powerful roadster, sitting as erect as a pillar, his hat on the top of his head, he traversed the country in a long trot, undeterred by steep hill or rough road, by heat or wind or weather, a thorough overseer of his flock. My rector told me of one occurrence which may illustrate this description, and also prove how the Bishop could exercise discipline as well as exhibit kindness, when the occasion called for it.

One bright Sunday morning as the Stopford family sat at breakfast in Glendoen Rectory, the Bishop came full trot up the avenue: he had ridden from Raphoe, over the Mongorry mountain, fully ten miles or more, and only stopped to have a cup of tea before proceeding to a village in the next parish—above eight miles further on—for "of the Sunday ministrations in that place he had heard rumours which demanded his personal supervision." After remaining a few minutes at Glendoen, the Bishop took horse again, and on arriving in the village street he found the church closed, and it was now twenty minutes past the time appointed for forenoon service. His Lordship summoned the

clerk, had the bell rung, sent his groom riding down to the Rectory, and dismounting, went quickly to the vestry-room, donned surplice and tippet, and proceeded to read the service from the desk—the people pouring in. At the second lesson the unhappy Rector, who had overslept himself, came up the aisle, but the Bishop, heedless of his presence, read on persistently to the end of the service, when, meeting Mr. — in the vestry, he said, “I hear this has happened often; it *must never* occur again. I *must* have the services in my churches performed with punctuality and decorum.” And it never did happen again; and that was all Mr. H——’s rebuke from his diocesan.

Shortly after Dr. Stopford’s installation in the parish of Conwall, he had the great satisfaction of having as an assistant in his work a young clergyman who subsequently attained to eminence in the Church. This was Thomas de Burgh, who had run a distinguished career in our college, and was a gold medallist; he had a charming presence, was extremely handsome, and possessed of no small measure of talent; but the best point about him was his true zeal for God, as with thick-soled shoes, a rough coat, and his Bible in his pocket, he would walk the parish the whole day long, visiting and teaching the poor among their mountains, and sitting down with them in their cabins and their houses, doing the work of an Evangelist. Afterwards he had

promotion in the West from a good man, Dr. Trench, Archbishop of Tuam, who was his cousin, and he became an extremely popular preacher in Dublin; he was appointed Dean of Cloyne in the year 1823, and died 1845. I take a great interest in mentioning him, as some of his family have been my closest friends through life.

Conwall parish had its good and evil points, its roses and its brambles; our Squire, Mr. John Boyd, was a kind and friendly man, and his family were all we could desire, helping forward every good thing actively and intelligently, both by word and by work, with cheerfulness and cordiality and eminent success.

We had little trouble with the Dissenters; the foremost man among them, John Elliott by name, was a truly good man, though a strong Baptist, and loved “the rector,” whose sweet spirit drew all hearts to him; so we had great peace and quietude until the clouds began to gather in the political heavens, and to flash their lightnings. For the Tithe troubles in 1832 did not leave us altogether unscathed in Donegal; my rector’s meadows were trespassed on by herds of cattle, his young ash-trees cut down at night; and drunken shoutings on market days of “Hurrah for half rent and no tithe!” resounded from the roads and reached our ears in the house. At last the malcontents met, and passed a Glenswilly decree that they would

march to the Rectory in force and "scar the Doctor."¹ Accordingly next morning fully three hundred men came round the house,² shouting and hilloaing, and, armed with sticks, they sent up twelve delegates from their body. The selected spokesman was one Jack Moore, a Protestant, and renowned for his gift of talk.

Doctor Stopford came forth on his lawn to meet them. I was at his side; I was at that time his son-in-law; he was a man with an aspect full of sweetness and of strength; his fine head, which might have been sculptured for that of a sage or of a saint, was uncovered, and all his doors and windows were, by his directions, left wide open. "Gentlemen," he said, "why is this crowd round my house? I have for many years lived in peace among you. If you are bent on hostile acts, I have no means of defence, no police, or fire-arms, or bolt or shutter to my house; tell me what you want, or why you have come in this menacing way?" For the men outside the gates were whooping, and clattering their sticks. One of the delegates, a rough fellow, said that they would not touch a hair of his head, or injure his property; but they had come to say how hard the times were on the poor, that the glebe rents were too high, and the tithes unbearable, and

¹ Scar, that is terrify.

² A similar outrage took place at Farnham, with Bishop Sumner, at about the same time.

that both *must* be reduced to meet their wants, &c.

The Rector heard him courteously and attentively, reminding him that he had already reduced the rents on his two glebes considerably: "As for the tithes," he added, "I have no control over them; the parish is the property of Trinity College, of which body I am but the nominee." I shall never forget the answer of the peasant, apt and alliterative: "Ah, Doctor, the College is full of meat and money, and thinks but little of the poor man." The discussion now proceeded. Moore made a short speech; he seemed ashamed of his company. Then a little bright-eyed Celt, a regular "Glenswilly boy," spoke rapidly and vehemently, yet good-humouredly. Finally they broke up, the Doctor having conceded nothing—he was calm, courteous, but firm as a rock; and down the avenue they trooped, very noisy and excited, and for the rest of the day, and up to ten o'clock at night, they kept up a shouting and a clatter round the place. But the good man of the house, full of faith and heavenly trust, sat quietly in his study, and betrayed no emotion, save when, at the hour of rest, the shouts being more than usually high, he said to his daughter, "Read me the 91st Psalm." She did so. "That is my armour and defence," he said with a smile, and then retired calmly to his bed.

The truth was, they *could* not "scar" him. Under

a most gentle exterior the man concealed a singularly intrepid heart, a natural gift, and common to his family and name. I shall just cite one proof from among many, to which I was witness during my residence in his house. A savage bull-dog had attacked one of our cows in the stable-yard. The brute was tearing and lacerating the poor animal as he hung upon her udder. The Doctor came into the place at the noise, and immediately caught the dog by the hind legs, and beat him so stoutly with a stick that the ferocious brute relaxed his grip and fell on the ground, when the men ran in, secured, and tied him up.

This natural insensibility to danger was of course strengthened by a wondrous gift of faith; yet these parish troubles fretted his gentle spirit, desirous of peace and concord, and I have always attributed his death, which took place the following year, partly, and in a measure, to the anxiety and corrosion which he silently endured, and which was produced by the disorder and unhinging of the times.

I am unwilling to leave so bright an example of a Christian minister as Dr. Stopford was without recounting two more acts in his quiet, unobtrusive life. One was that during sickness, when a malignant fever raged amidst the people, he was frequently known to assist the afflicted family in lifting the dead into the coffin, when friends and servants had refused the office through fear of

infection. If the feeling of fear was a stranger to his breast, its place was better filled by a kindly love to all humankind.

The other case is of a higher type. On his first coming to Cornwall parish, Mr. H——, a wealthy and intelligent gentleman farmer, paid him a visit. This person was a Presbyterian, and a Radical anti-churchman of the first water. He had heard much of the Doctor's great meekness and gentleness, and he determined to call and "have a word with him." When they met, the conversation tending towards Church matters, and Mr. H—— becoming rather heated, the Doctor led him to his study, and proposed that they should go upon their knees and pray, "My constant habit," said he, "when I am so unhappy as to differ from any friend with whom I cannot conscientiously agree." They knelt, and the good man poured forth a touchingly simple and spiritual petition, and full of love, for God to guide them both and bless them in their separate walks. Then, when he arose from his knees, he said to his companion, "Now, sir, we may resume our argument." But the other was all bathed in tears, and cried, "Oh no, no, no! No argument with *you*, dear sir, you have taught me much; good evening, and may God bless you, for you have done me good," and straightway went his way.

CHAPTER VII.

ON the death of Dr. Stopford in March, 1833, the Rev. Charles Boyton, a popular Fellow of Trinity College, was appointed his successor. I resigned the curacy, and the excellent Rev. Thomas Nolan, the present well-known incumbent of St. Peter's, Regent Square, London, came in my place; we flitting southward, and being very soon established in the parish of Abbeyleix, in the Queen's County and diocese of Ossory, where I served as curate for three very happy years; the Rev. Arthur Newcombe, a man of sound faith and logical mind, being my rector.

This was a *pet* place and parish—a ring fence of exquisite woodland—canopied with grand old oaks, planted by the last of the Omores, Kings of Leix, in the sixteenth century. I have before said that the Protestant population was fully 1,000. There were two churches in the parish, and on each Sunday the larger one was crowded from the chancel to the door; and every plan for the domestic, social, moral, educational, and spiritual good of the poor, helped on and encouraged by the

de Vesci family, who were lords of the soil, and invariably resident—the Viscount himself—a perfect specimen of the simple yet stately old Irish noble—teaching regularly his class of boys in the Sunday school with undeviating punctuality.

These southern peasants were strikingly diverse from my late friends in Donegal; *there* they were stiff, *here* they were supple; *there* they were rough and outspoken, *here* they showed a quiet reserve; *there* they were critics, and each man considered himself as a teacher of opinion, *here* they were willing to be taught by others.

In the north, the prevailing belief among the farming class was Calvinistic; in the south they were mostly Wesleyans: the northerners acted more from the head, the southerners from the heart. I liked them both in their different ways, and formed friendships among all ranks which have continued through life.

The diocese of Ossory had many clergymen of high character to boast of, among whom were the Rev. George Hamilton of Killermo, the Rev. Hans Caulfeild of Kilmanagh, and the Rev. Peter Roe of Kilkenny. The first of these good men I never had the privilege of meeting, though I need not testify how much *his* was in the Church a *clarum et venerabile nomen*. The second I heard twice from pulpit and platform, and knew slightly; he was an old man then, had a great character, and was much

admired as a preacher. He was fresh, original, and quaint to an excess almost amusing ; he was father to Dr. Charles Caulfeild, bishop in one of the colonies, and was of the noble house of Charlemont. With Peter Roe I was long and intimately acquainted,—a man very pleasant to look at, but pleasanter still to listen to, for he was extremely handsome, and he had a sweet-toned and manly voice ; he was not tall, but a strong-set, well-limbed man, with a look of independence almost soldierly in his bearing ; he had a fair, white forehead, under which sparkled a pair of well-cut steel-grey eyes full of light ; his mouth was pure, and resolved ; he had withstood a great fight of persecution from the Church authorities in Kilkenny, for he preached extempore and declared the gospel ! These two crimes formed “the very head and front of his offence,” but manfully and meekly he strove on, and he *succeeded*. In doctrine he was a strict Evangelical. He held the vicarage of St. Mary’s, Kilkenny, was military chaplain to the many regiments quartered in the town, with whom he was extremely popular, from his frank, open manliness, and earnest preaching. The soldiers heard him gladly, and it is on record, that, after a fight in Spain, when a regiment was resting in the arms of victory in a green field, a soldier cried out, “Now boys, we would be quite happy if we only had old Peter Roe to preach to us !” He died at

Kingstown in 1841, after much suffering from heart disease. At this time I saw him often ; his family attended my church, and now, after long years, my memory recalls him as he walked up our large Sunday school, the keen, grey eye glancing from class to class, and a half smile on the lips as if in enjoyment of the scene. He was cousin to Mr. Henry Roe of Dublin, the gentleman who so nobly has engaged to pay for the restoration of Christ Church Cathedral, Dublin, a work now advancing in beauty, to completion, under a great architect, Mr. George Street.

Mr. Roe was a very agreeable companion ; he had seen many men in his day, had conversed with the Duke of Wellington, and was well acquainted with Wilberforce, and other eminent English notabilities. I recollect his telling me the following anecdote :—In 1805 he was in London, and preached for the Rev. John Newton—Cowper’s friend, and the author of the *Cardiphonia*—in St. Mary’s, Woolnoth. Mr. Newton was then very old and extremely deaf. Roe was a young man ; he was standing in the pulpit, and giving out his text, when he heard a heavy step ascending the stairs, and old John Newton stood behind him, to Roe’s amazement and consternation : “Only me, sir, only me ; only old John Newton, very deaf indeed, and he wants to hear you, sir, to hear you ;” and he sat down on the pulpit bench beside Roe.

Beside pleasant conversation and anecdote, I had many words of counsel and wise encouragement during my intercourse with Peter Roe. I recollect one in particular, which I shall here recount for the benefit of young ministers. He had heard me at my church at Kingstown, in the pulpit, substitute for the usual Collect a short extemporary prayer before the sermon. To this he objected, and showed me good reason why. "Now," said he, smiling, "you must promise me that you will always use the Collect." I did promise my honoured friend, and have faithfully kept my word to him, and with great satisfaction to myself, estimating each year I live more and more the noble beauty and value and deep spirituality of those grand old prayers, the Collects of the Church.

In these Recollections I have endeavoured as much as possible not to speak of the living, but of those who have passed away; but there is an exception to every rule, and as I have transgressed in this respect, I shall do so again, by mentioning two young brother ministers, whose acquaintance I first made in this diocese. They were both godly men and active clergymen. One was the present Archdeacon of Ossory, Joseph Thacker, a man of long-trying consistency; the other was William Nassau Sherrard, at that time Curate of Offerlane, now Rector of Kilcullen in Kildare. With this man, most attractive from his devotedness, his enthusiasm,

tempered with an unaffected simplicity of character, his warm affections, and his most agreeable social qualities, we contracted a pleasant friendship, and though we have been tossed asunder by the tides of life, yet the feeling abides so strongly, that, were I on my deathbed, there are few men I should love to minister to me more than William Sherrard.

At Abbeyleix I first became acquainted with the two leaders of the Wesleyan body, Adam Averill and Gideon Ouseley. The former came to see me. He was a gentle and venerable old man, small of stature, but large in love and all liberal feelings. He was President of the Primitive Methodist Conference, had been episcopally ordained, and he and his preachers went once a year in a body and received the Sacrament in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin. Gideon Ouseley was of a stronger fibre, more of a soldier than Averill, and, like his Bible namesake, was a "man of valour." He had an independent communion for himself and his people, who were Separatists from the Church. He had a very small following in the village of Abbeyleix, whereas almost all the Wesleyans in the parish belonged to the Primitive body, of which Averill was the head.

Gideon Ouseley, early in life, had lost an eye by an accident, which imparted to his aspect a grimness of appearance at first seeing him, but it passed away on conversing with him. Of all men it

cannot be said of him that he *sacro vate carebat*, for his life has been written by the Rev. Mr. Arthur, the Wesleyan minister, and a most interesting and admirable biography it is, the production of a mind of the very first order.

Gideon was a Christian hero, that counted his life as nothing so that he might preach the Gospel and win souls to Christ. So he rode from Fair to Fair in all weathers, and often amidst showers of stones and mud he would sit patiently and firmly on his saddle, and preach to the people in their own loved Irish tongue, till he had them weeping at his bridle-rein, and those who would have stoned him now knelt to ask his blessing, and besought him that he would come and speak to them again.

I do not think Mr. Arthur tells the following story, which I know to be true :—

Gideon was standing on a cart in a village street in the county of Kildare, preparing to preach, when the people gathered stones, and his lot would possibly have been that of St. Stephen, had not the lord of the manor, a long resident and much respected young nobleman,¹ jumped up and stood beside him, and addressing the crowd, who were all his own tenantry, said, "Gentlemen, if you stone Mr. Ouseley, you shall stone me too," and so nobly and courageously remained by his side till the sermon was safely concluded.

¹ John, fifth Viscount Harberton.

Gideon had a sister, a Mrs. Macklin, living in the village of Abbeyleix, and here I met him more than once about the year 1835–36. He was then, I should say, over seventy years of age, an interesting and noble old warrior, somewhat weather-beaten. He showed me a miniature of his brother, Sir Ralph Ouseley, a knight-commander of the highest military order (Avis) in Portugal, and told me he was a "complete man of the world;" yet the brothers were greatly attached. Sir Ralph was the younger by ten years, and whenever he went into battle he would say, "I know I shall escape death, for Gideon is praying for me." The brothers eventually died within three years of each other.

As I have said, I was frequently among the Wesleyan body, and liked them much, for I found great piety, kindness, and love of prayer with them, and in some cases a simplicity and originality of action at once interesting and amusing.

For instance, young —— had died of consumption. His ancestors had been steady Protestants. He had had a good farm, had been a Wesleyan, and exceedingly well-looking, amiable, and unquestionably not over wise.

On his death, his family dressed his body in his "Sunday clothes," his brown wig, blue cravat and high shirt-collar, black satin vest, watch chain and eye-glass depending, brass-buttoned blue coat, with

tight purple web pantaloons, over which were Hessian boots (the fashion of the day), half-calf, high, and tasselled; gloved hands, one resting on a Bible, the other holding flowers. In this fashion the poor young fellow lay on the coverlet of the bed, looking handsome but ghastly, and presenting a most incongruous appearance.

His sisters were weeping over him; the room was thronged with friends, who filed in and out of the place just as in the case of one lying in state. Cake and lemonade were handed round. There was some reading, and some prayer, and one or two of their preachers spoke suitably and well.

At last an old man came in, an eminent class leader of their body, and one of sustained piety. Advancing to the bed, he regarded the dead youth tenderly. Then he said, "Well, I never did see so lovely a piece of clay. Ah, dear son, I bless God for you. Here is your poor body, earth and ashes, but your soul is happy, and with your Saviour in glory." Then stooping down, he kissed the brow and then the cheek, and turning, calmly left the room, all making way for him. I was witness to all this. An intelligent member of the body sought to justify the whole procedure to me afterwards by quoting from Matthew ix. 23, and Acts ix. 37—39, and with some reason; but he could not make excuse for the ludicrous features of the affair.

This took place fully forty years ago, and but yesterday (October, 1875) I read in an English journal a description of the lying in state of the eminent Bishop of Brechin, lately deceased. Arrayed in all his robes, the newspaper tells us, his rochet, lawn-sleeves, mitre, and *his pastoral staff in his hand*, his lordship's body reposed on the bed. Thousands came to see it, kneeling, weeping, praying, and kissing his hand, &c.

Surely this was but a repeat of the scene in the poor Wesleyan's chamber, only more costly and elegantly got up; and if either of these dead men had waked up and spoken, I am persuaded they would have been ashamed, and revolted from the position their friends had put them in, for "Abraham buried his dead out of his sight."

The above fact took place in one of my early curacies. The Methodist body were very strong in Abbeyleix also; but, as I have said, they flocked to the church, and we had no more devout recipients at the Holy Communion than their ministers. They had a horror of anything approaching to Calvinism. There was, perhaps, too much dependence upon emotional feelings among them, but many of the better educated of the body were steady, loving, and interesting people, whom it was a pleasure to meet and to mingle with.

Our Bishop, Dr. Elrington, was as vehement in denouncing Calvinism as any of these Dissenters.

In a charge delivered in Carlow church, during a Visitation at which I was present, he warned his clergy, with great earnestness, against "leading their flocks into the wild and barren wastes of Calvinistic doctrine."

I do not think, as far as my knowledge serves me, that the Irish clergy could be styled Calvinistic in any ultra degree. Dr. Jebb, the good Bishop of Limerick in 1825, was an Arminian; and the Rev. James Dunne, who commenced the Evangelistic work in Dublin, was also Arminian in doctrine; and so was Mr. Alexander Knox, a good authority in the religious world of that day; and Mr. Thomas Parnell, who for many years was Honorary Supervisor, *Genius Loci*, and acknowledged *Coryphæus* of the "Dublin Tract and Book Shop," was an eminently practical man, and abhorred anything approaching to Antinomianism.

True it was that many of our brethren loved the writings of the old Puritans; but where would one find more precepts for practice than in Richard Baxter, more incentives to holiness of life than in John Flavel and Matthew Henry, or more powerful dissections of the heart and its affections than in the treatises of Dr. John Owen?

Some few of our young, earnest ministers took up and preached the doctrine of a limited atonement, or that our Lord died only for the elect. This they held by at first starting, but often gave it up as they

became older and wiser. Such had been the case with the great and good Archbishop Ussher. The doctrine, in fact, is nowhere to be found in God's Word, and the express contrary stands out all through the Articles and the Liturgy of the Church of England; though, strange to say, it is a prominent tenet in the Westminster Confession.

Some fifty years back the Rev. Dr. Barker, a good and simple-hearted old man, preached very high Calvinism in his church in Little George's Street, Dublin, and was followed by the Rev. George Hare, an abler man, and a very original thinker. In later times, about 1840, the Rev. William Krause, of Bethesda Chapel, took up his parable in favour of ultra-Calvinism. He made many converts, and preached to a large, educated, and devoted auditory. Krause was an Englishman, and had been in the army. His holiness, his gentlemanly bearing, and great consistency of walk, gave an additional impetus and weight to his pulpit teachings; but his sudden death, while it deeply afflicted his followers, effectually scattered them; and the doctrine he had taught, although preserved and published by the Rev. Charles Stuart Stanford, a finished scholar, and a first-rate divine, appears to have gradually and gently passed away, and—

"*Tenuis recessit in auras.*"

I should say the mild and moderate evangelicism of Dr. Thomas Scott's *Bible Commentary*—a great and imperishable work—formed very much the staple and the colour of the preaching, and belief of the mass of the Irish clergy.

I recollect a writer in the *Christian Examiner*—evidently a young man, whose name did not transpire—endeavoured to revive the doctrine of Particular Atonement, but was ably met in the pages of the same print by Bishop Daly as "Senex," and silenced—the Bishop showing himself as superior in argument on the matter, as he certainly appeared to be in Christian spirit and temper, to his opponent.

Two very eminent ministers were at this time before the Dublin public—one as an historian, the other as a preacher: Robert King, commonly known as "Scholar King;" and Alexander M. Pollock, chaplain of the Magdalen Asylum. Mr. King is the author of *A Primer of the History of the Church of Ireland*—an admirable work, full of deep research and interesting matter, the production of a scholar and a Christian. I have heard the late Archdeacon Stopford—a competent critic—say that, in the whole range of Irish histories, Mr. King's exceeds in merit, and is perspicuous for its accuracy of detail and the thorough reliableness of its statements; yet this good and gifted man—who ought to be a Senior Fellow in Trinity College, dispensing knowledge as

from a full fountain—is a curate in an obscure corner of the diocese of Derry. And why is this? Mr. King has high and influential friends in the Church and in the nation, all anxious to draw him out of his obscurity, but he seems to prefer the shade. Great minds must throw great shadows, and that which falls on him appears to his many admiring friends to be an overwrought humility, which holds him back, and denies them the benefit and the pleasure of his presence.

As regards the Rev. A. M. Pollock, few who have seen and heard this minister in the pulpit could easily forget him. The keen intellect that lighted his countenance, and the self-forgetful earnestness of his manner, alike contributed to fix him as an abiding memory with his hearers. So widespread were his sympathies, so large his human heart, that it would be difficult to assign him a position in any special school. He was, however, usually regarded as a moderate and liberal-minded Evangelical.

Freedom from affectation was one of his most marked characteristics. It seemed abhorrent to his nature to do or say anything for effect. *To be, and not to seem*, was his desired position. Extensive reading of a very varied character, a most original and quaint fancy, and reasoning powers of a very high order, were important auxiliaries in adding to his influence. To "go and hear Pollock" was a

thing that in those days young men liked to do. They heard something satisfying to the intellect which God had given them, and which reached their inner soul more surely by the unstudied earnestness in which it was clothed.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN compiling these Recollections, I am sincere in lamenting the inevitable egotism which from time to time crops up amidst my pages, but I cannot refrain from saying how much we all felt at leaving the curacy of Abbeyleix, which event took place at the expiration of three years after first going there in 1833. We had been singularly happy, and prospered much here; we had a cultivated and refined society around us, brimming and attentive congregations in both churches, large and well-cared-for schools, the greatest support and sympathy in all parochial matters from the noble owner of the soil, a remarkably nice and orderly peasantry, and interminable lovely walks and rides amidst the long green vistas, and forest paths starred with bluebells and violets, and over which the great De Vesci oaks threw their brown shadows.

At this time the Hon. and Rev. William Wingfield was Vicar of Abbeyleix, and is there still; a man—like his brother Edward, of whom mention has been made—of a heavenly spirit, truly a meek and lowly follower of his Master, yet withal an active

and efficient minister, and now a patriarch in the diocese.

From all this bright scenery, social advantages, and, I may say, successful ministry, in the spring of 1836, I was called by my friend, Frederick Fitzwilliam Trench, offering me the chaplaincy of the Mariner's Church, Kingstown, near Dublin.

The church was not built yet—not a stone was laid; but the site had been agreed upon, and the endowment (a gift from Mrs. Trench) was forthcoming. The place was famous for its bracing air, its blue deep sea water, its fair granite piers, and its commodious harbour, and nothing else. All the ground, now sustaining handsome terraces and streets, was at that time a wild common, a series of goat-parks, bounded by loose stone walls, where donkeys brayed and geese cackled; cold, treeless, and uninteresting, yet here all day long the blue broad sea rolled freshly in, washing the ebon rocks, or breaking in music on the granite boulders which knit the eastern pier. Here was lovely air to enrich the veins of valetudinarians and animate their flagging spirits, and a promise of health to the feeble, and rejuvenescence to the failing, from the purity of atmosphere and the iodine and oxygen which were wafted in from the clear waves. And so men built on the rock, hewing their materials from the ground itself; and our Church slowly got up in the course of four or five

years, large and gaunt, and lofty and ugly—a satire on taste, a libel on all ecclesiastical rule, mocking at proportion and symmetry,¹ but spacious and airy and convenient, having accommodation for 1,400 souls, and abundance of seats for seamen and the poor, always well filled; and bringing round it, in the course of years and increase of means, an Orphanage; a Benefit Society, numbering over 400 poor; a Sunday School, containing 40 free teachers and 500 scholars; besides three Day Schools, and associations connected with various existing Societies, all supported and contributed to voluntarily by a most faithful, loving, and generous congregation.

I saw the first stone of my church laid in 1836, and some years afterwards was present at its consecration, on a hot summer Sunday, by Dr. Richard Whately, Archbishop of Dublin.

He improved the occasion by preaching an excellent sermon on 1 Peter ii. 5, "Ye also, as lively stones." The special service was held that day at two o'clock, and many among the hearers were pleased and interested by the event and its accompaniments. Among the throng was a Germano-American gentleman, "a chiel amang us taking notes," afterwards duly "prented" and

¹ The Church is *now*—1876—a stately and handsome structure, through the exertions and taste of my excellent successor, the Rev. Alan Windle, and under happier pecuniary advantages.

presented to the public, in the shape of a Book of Travels: his name was Herr Venedy. He was an outspoken fellow, but a strong Radical, and utterly adverse to Bishops and Establishments, and his comments on the celebration of the day were certainly more amusing than accurate. He passes by the Archbishop without remark; he *could* not comment on the belongings or retinue of his Grace, where everything was so simple, and only befitting a plain English gentleman.

But the "very fine, very proud, very haughty Church," and the "big house, the bloated villa, the great rectorial mansion, with its appendage," of "his new Reverence, the Rector of Kingstown," excite his indignation, and he records his feelings thereon in his book.

And these untruths, and mistakes, and gross exaggerations, go forth, and are received by three-fourths of the reading public as fact and verity.

This Mariners' Church was among the first of a series of houses of worship erected at this time, and afterwards: they were built by public subscription, with the consent of the rector of the parish in which they stood (mine, from some tortuosity in the ground lease, was legalized by a special Act of Parliament); they became chapels of ease, and had generally a parochial district assigned to them, and were subjected to the Bishop's authority and visitation. They were supported by pew-rents and

the offertory, both always very large in Ireland; for example, I think my church pew-rents and offertory for the year amounted to 800*l.*—the rights of the mother or parish church, such as marriage and funeral fees, were faithfully reserved. Seven or twelve trustees, made up of clerics and laymen, managed the receipt and expenditure of all moneys, with which the clergyman did not interfere, save but to receive his stipend.

Under such regulations, or laws similar to them, were built, from about the year 1826 and onwards—St. James's Church, Bray, incumbent Rev. John W. Hacket; Baggot Street Church, Dublin, Rev. Hamilton Verschoyle; Trinity Church, Dublin, Rev. John Gregg; St. Matthias' Church, Dublin, Rev. Maurice F. Day; Christ Church, Leeson Park, Rev. Maurice H. Neligan; Sandford Church, near Dublin, Rev. Pakenham Walsh.¹ These men were all eminent for piety, and popular as gospel preachers. Many other similar churches have since been erected in Dublin diocese.

About the year 1840 a remarkable man preached in my church, the Rev. Dr. Joseph Wolff, a converted Jew, a missionary and an explorer. He had just returned from a perilous journey, performed on horseback, through the heart of Persia and Mesopotamia to Bokhara, which place he had hoped

¹ Of the six clergymen mentioned above, two are now Bishops and one a Dean.

to have reached in time to save the lives of the two captive English officers, Conolly and Stoddart, but was unfortunately too late. He was a learned Hebraist, and I once heard him read and translate the 51st Psalm, throwing a new and beautiful light on many of the verses. He had married Lady Georgiana Walpole, a daughter of Lord Orford's, and I met them, both at the table and among the family of the Bishop of Dromore, in Kingstown. Dr. Wolff's son, the present Sir Henry D. Wolff, was there also—then a lad of ten years of age, and now M.P. for Christchurch. Inured to great hardships and privations in his wanderings, the Doctor had acquired many eccentric habits, and was singularly unconventional in some respects.

He had received his deacon's orders in America, and found some difficulty in getting Priesthood in these countries. This obstacle was, however, overcome at Kingstown, through the good offices of my brother, Edward Brooke, who being at that time Examining Chaplain to his father-in-law, Doctor Saurin, Bishop of Dromore, procured this favour for Dr. Wolff, who accordingly was ordained priest, and received full orders from the hands of the good old Bishop in the parish church.

Wolff had frequently mentioned his intention of exploring his way with missionary designs to Timbuctoo, but after this second ordination, no doubt weary with wandering, he quietly settled

down in England, and became Vicar of Isle Brewers in Somersetshire, where I believe he died.

About this time Kingstown received a visit from the Rev. Dr. Pusey. I believe he came upon a mission of health, as some of his young people were delicate. He rang at my parsonage door on a Sunday morning, and on my opening it he introduced himself, and inquired if the Holy Communion were to be administered at noon service. He attended the church twice that day, and came in to tea in the evening to meet the Chief Justice and his family, whose son, Mr. Anthony Lefroy, the member for our University, was acquainted with Dr. Pusey's brother in the House of Commons. In personal appearance and address he differed widely from our preconceived ideas of him. The high Tory newspapers criticised his being seen at the Dublin Roman Catholic chapels, severely, but he was lauded by the opposite party of the press for so doing. Surely he had a right to attend where he pleased. I had a long walk with him the day before he left Ireland, and much talk on theology, on which we differed essentially. I do not think he was invited to preach in any pulpit in Dublin during his sojourn with us, but in this I may have been misinformed, and cannot speak with certainty.

THE CHOLERA came down upon Kingstown in the summer of 1849, like a wolf on the fold.

The place was full of visitors. Blue sky, bright sun; the east wind blowing over the purple sea, yet the air thick and impure; and I experienced ever a slight sense of nausea during the continuance of the plague. Most capricious were the movements of the Fiend. Its first victim was a young girl of fifteen, healthy and handsome; her parents wealthy English folk. The very poorest and most crowded and unclean spots in Kingstown it left untouched; the highest and airiest, Sally Noggin, it all but decimated. The Roman Catholic clergy did their part bravely: they attended the worst cases among their own flocks. Many people took to their beds with a disease which the doctors humorously called cholera-phobia—a grim joke for a sad occasion. I am sure I saw above forty cases—some most interesting—all exciting; the attack so sudden—the disease so terrible with pain, and with almost always the imminency of a quickly coming death. One man recovered strangely and *abnormally*. I suppose the doctors thought he had no right to get well, for he would neither see them nor take their physic. His name was Oliver, an English fisherman, tall and bony. When I saw him he was stark naked, and as blue, as he afterwards said himself to me, “as a washerwoman’s bag.” A tall pitcher of cold water from a famous spring near his cottage, called “Juggy’s Well,” stood beside his bed, from which he took copious libations. This was his

medicine, and his cure is a fact for the teetotallers.

At seven o’clock p.m. I visited a Mr. Buchanan, just stricken and writhing on a sofa, his mother, a long, gaunt female, attending him. At ten o’clock next morning I read the burial service over both mother and son in the churchyard.

I was called in to see a soldier on furlough at eight in the morning: he had been ill all night and died at three p.m. The police insisted on immediate interment, but it was dark before the coffin could be procured. Then it was laid on an ass’s cart, followed by the young widow weeping, and crying, “Ah, my sweet Willy.” We had a long way to go, up to “Kill of the Grange;” and there I buried him, repeating the service by rote, for it was quite dark.

One terrible case I visited—a man high in position and wealth, but cruel and hardened in spirit. He, in my own hearing, welcomed the coming of the disease, and called it “the Almighty’s scavenger to sweep away beggary and the refuse of the population.” I reproved him, and he was very angry; but a sterner rebuke awaited him—he took ill on Saturday, and his wife sent for me, he making light of the matter; but in twenty-four hours he collapsed and eventually died. Did not this look like retribution? I saw at this time more of the inside of houses and families than ever I had done before,

and I saw much to admire—such domestic devotedness and peril of self for others, and *such* sorrow, so noiseless, yet so deep. I had so many calls to sick-beds by day and by night, that custom became sweet, and I grew, strange to say, almost to enjoy my work. I know what solid comfort the blessed Gospel of the Saviour wrought among these poor invalids. I know what joy came down at the voice of prayer, and for my own part, during the whole continuance of the plague, through the goodness of God, I never enjoyed greater strength of body or peace of mind.

Some time after I was called to witness a scene more full of deep interest than many a cholera death-bed. My sextoness told me of a lady who was dying of a painful illness at Glenageary, and I went to her that evening; she was lodging in one of the wretched tenements called "The Seven Cottages," and was in bed when I went in. She had no servant, no friend, and everything about her betokened utter poverty and destitution. She "was an Englishwoman," she said, "on her way home;" but she declined to give her name, or say who she was, and we never knew. I forced my way gently into her room, for she almost refused to see me, and received me with coldness and haughtiness. I think I never saw so fine a head, or so striking a set of features. They reminded me of Mrs. Siddons in Macbeth's wife—or rather, indeed,

of the Medusa Mask in the museum at Cologne—beautiful yet terrible; her voice, her manner, all declared the educated and high-bred gentlewoman. She received my ministrations with impatience, and almost contempt. She would tell me nothing of her antecedents. She desired "to be left alone and not interfered with;" this she said tossing her superb head, with its jet-black cataract of hair falling on the pillow around.

She seemed to have undergone some great wrong, and during several visits that I paid—which visits she barely endured—if ever she spoke of the world or of mankind, it was with positive anger, fury at times flashing from her great dark eyes, and indignation convulsing her features. I should think her age was about forty. I offered her the visitation of gentle, pious ladies, who would read to her and supply many of her wants. This proffer of mine she scornfully refused in peremptory fashion.

And all this bitterness of spirit—the *sava indignatio* of poor Swift—she kept up, while suffering positive agony from the most terrible type, her doctor told me, of cancer, attacking her poor body both inwardly and outwardly. So cruel were her sufferings, that they suspended ropes from her bed head, one at each side, at which she used to pull by turns in the hope of alleviating her pain.

We procured her medical aid, and some few comforts; but I never could break the ice which curdled

round that cold, proud heart. When she could no longer speak for coming death, she *looked* indignation—like the wolf, “she died in silence,” and passed away and “gave no sign.” And was this a hopeless case? I would say, God forbid! The Holy Spirit might at the last moment have shone in upon her, and amidst all this darkness and rebellion, and utter inoperativeness of human aid, the blessed hand of Jesus might have touched her, and His gentle voice have whispered in her dying ear, “Daughter, thy sins are forgiven thee.”

I well recollect a long, low-ceiled room in Kingstown, good air from a window at each end, yet a strong odour of herrings pervading it—not the “very ancient and fishlike smell” of Trinculo, but something fresher; twenty-six sailors sitting round, washed and shaven—it is Saturday night—with Bibles in all their hands, a few of their wives and no children. It was in the year 1837, and I was there at this our weekly meeting for reading and prayer. The men were all Devon lads, Torbay trawlers, colonized in Kingstown for the sake of the fishing, chiefly Methodists; but some of them former members of good Mr. Lyte’s congregation from Brixholm.

Our host’s name was Adams; he was a truly pious man, but grave and sad in his aspect and bearing. A year before this he had met with a

misfortune which had deepened him in his religious feelings, and it was on this wise:—

On a Monday morning, very early, he had steered his lugger out of the old harbour towards the open sea. A Roman Catholic lad of fourteen years of age was his only companion; they went slowly, for there was a thick fog on the water. Adams had often spoken to this lad concerning his Saviour, and he now resumed the conversation, pressing the boy to answer his questions with an earnestness he could never afterwards account for. “Well, indeed master, I do believe all you tell me, and I know I can only get to heaven when I die because God’s Son, Jesus Christ, died on the cross for me, and all poor sinners;” this was the boy’s answer. The next minute they were rounding the “nose” of the eastern pier, and a large steamer coming on them in the fog struck the lugger midships, and cut her in two. Adams seized on a hanging rope, and was dragged on board much bruised and drenched. The lad swam ten or twenty yards, and then suddenly sank—crying, “Oh, my mother!” The lugger and all her fishing-gear went down and were utterly lost.

I saw Adams on the same day in bed; he was calm and thankful. “Yes, sir, I lost my boat and all my nets and tackle; but I am indeed sure, sir, that the soul of my poor boy is saved.”

Along with the shyness and reserve which are

elements in the seaman's character, a good sprinkling of graphic humour often peeps out.

"Why, sir, we were blown out of harbour."

Such was the answer I received from Henry James, Torbay trawler, when questioning him as to the cause of his absence from our Kingstown Sunday School.

Now this Sunday School was a great source of comfort to me as a minister. I had nearly 500 scholars, and upwards of forty unpaid teachers, regular and efficient. We had large classes for the children of the gentry; a class of beggars; one of converts from Romanism; one for servants, men and women; one for young men preparing for the ministry; one for pauper old women; a great class of young ladies taught by a good and gifted lady now in a remote hemisphere; but above all, the most prized was our adult seamen's class.

From twenty to thirty clean, manly sailors, with their purple Jersey shirts, their white suspenders, blue trousers and stockings, and brightly-polished shoes, sat on a form on the raised dais, and were taught by a zealous but most judicious teacher,¹ to

¹ This was Mr. George Connor, now for many years passed to his rest; he was father to my friend and former pupil, the Rev. George Henry Connor, M.A., Vicar of Newport, Isle of Wight, and Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen.

whom they appeared much attached, for he not only taught them the saving truths of the Gospel on Sunday, but with much labour and perseverance he visited them on Saturday, and constrained them to bank their savings—he undertaking for each man, keeping their pass-books, and receiving and paying unto them at the proper time the interest from their several deposits. Now it happened that this good man was ill for two or three Sundays, and I found it hard to get a substitute. I was out of the question, having to regulate the whole school, and my curate could not leave his class; so in my difficulty I asked a friend, on whose piety I could rely, to teach the sailor class. But my dear sons of Neptune were Wesleyans every man of them, and their new teacher was an earnest Calvinist, hot and high, and at once, in a sudden plunge, he introduced them to the depths of Predestination and Election, which, as he did not understand himself, it was no wonder he could not make them comprehend.

All at once a whisper passed among them, and rising simultaneously from the form, each man deliberately grasped and put on his hat, and down the long aisle they stalked in single file and steady order, and out upon the street and quay, and away to their homes. And these men, as a class, never reassembled in the Sunday School; they were Englishmen all (Devonshire fishermen), and steadfast

of purpose; and so, as one of them said to me next day, they were

“Blown out of the harbour”

by a gale of strong doctrine.

I find in my journal some years afterwards a curious entry:—“The Rev. ——— preached in my pulpit to a summer congregation, numbering over 1,500 people, a most extraordinary sermon. The text a rigid declaration of the Gospel; the sermon thoroughly anti-Evangelical, and ultra-Arminian in its tendencies.”

I remember the fact, day, and preacher; he was one of the leaders of the Evangelical party in England, was an author, and a learned man and pious, and I believe a thoroughly good clergyman. His text was Eph. ii. 8: “By grace are ye saved through faith,” &c.; yet, whether it was a fantasy, or perverseness, or a desire to be out of the way original, or, like the crafty one of whom Dryden sang,

“A daring pilot in extremity;
Pleased with the danger when the waves went high,
He sought the storm—but, for a calm unfit,
Would steer too nigh the sands to *boast his wit*,”

I cannot say, but certainly in a most elaborate discourse, he repeatedly denied his text in seeking to uphold it, putting human efficiency forward, and making small mention of God's grace, or man's recipiency of it through faith. *He might not have*

meant it so; but so it was. In the pew next to me sat Chief-Justice Lefroy, a man deeply read in his Bible, and one of our greatest lawyers. His cold, bright, glistening eye was fixed on the preacher during the sermon, as if drinking it all in. Then at the end of the service he turned to me, and said, slowly and solemnly, “Brooke, the text should have been ‘By yourselves are ye saved through works, not of faith, lest God should have the glory.’ I have been listening to arguments in the law courts for fifty years, and I never heard special pleading in any case so powerful as this has been in the cause of the Devil.”

My church having much to do with sea life, I go back with pleasure to many acquaintances and friends I made with officers of H.M. Royal Navy who attended the services and brought their crews.

There was Captain Beechy, of the *Firefly*, the Arctic navigator, afterwards Admiral, and sailing captain of the royal yacht *Victoria and Albert*. This officer would land a large portion of his crew on Sunday morning, and march them in much order to church, which was really a beautiful sight.

The Hon. Captain Plunkett, of H.M. steamer *Stromboli*, attended the church with a portion of his crew. My very dear friend, now Admiral Woodford Williams, but then commanding H.M. ship *Amphion*, brought his officers and crew most

regularly to the church. Admiral Sir William Hall, at that time in command of H.M. ship *Dragon*, followed the example of Captain Beechey, and marched his men to the Sunday service. Captain Frazer, of H.M. surveying steamer *Lucifer*, was, with his men, a faithful attendant for a long time at the Mariners' Church. Many other officers of the Royal Navy stationed in or passing through Kingstown harbour came and occupied the sailors' pews in the church, the minister or his curate having visited their ships on the preceding Saturday.

The present Commander William Hutchison, R.N., was Harbour Master during the whole period of my incumbency. This gentleman had seen service, and a more gallant officer never trod a deck; but better than this, he was a religious man, and the seaman's truest and steadiest friend, and helped us much in encouraging, and enabling the sailors to profit by the Church services. Many of the yachts sent their crews to church.

I may be pardoned for repeating here an anecdote told me by Captain Beechey during the Queen's visit to Ireland in 1849. At this time the Mariners' Church was unfinished and rude-looking, having neither tower nor spire. "What is that hideous building?" said Prince Albert to his sailing captain, as they stood together on the deck of the Queen's yacht in Kingstown harbour; "it looks like a gigantic barn." "No,"

answered the kind captain, "it is a church, your Royal Highness, and if you would allow me the honour of conducting you there, I promise that you shall hear a sermon you won't forget," this manifestly being the speech of an over-partial friend.

The 9th of February, 1861, was a time to be much observed in Kingstown, for on that day there fell on sea and land a fearful storm, which wrought dire calamities, the heaviest of all which was the loss of John McNiell Boyd, captain of H.M. ship *Ajax*, who perished while saving the lives of others.

The wind blew broadside in upon the eastern pier, a steady hurricane, lifting huge waves which fell in thunder on the granite slope, dislodging its great stones, and flew in whirling spray over the very top of the lighthouse. The air was full of flecks of foam blown from the waves, and the gale raging, and sounding as if a thousand voices were shrieking, wailing, and imploring from the midst of it. I could hardly keep my feet on the pier, but I saw the sea raging on my right, and two or three collier vessels sinking and rising on the mountain waves, and sweeping in on the shores to destruction. Opposite to them stood Boyd, on the sloping glacis. He had a rope in his hand, and was calling to his men, when a giant sea broke over him, and in its recoil swept him into the waves and to his death.

In that death the Navy sustained an irreparable

loss. As a man, like Marshal Ney, he was the "bravest of the brave;" as a seaman, most intelligent and full of honest zeal; and his public funeral, which was grand, striking, and solemn, while it evinced his popularity, gave proof of the large and wide esteem he was held in by the Irish community.¹

The Cornish fishermen visited the shores and harbours of the Irish Sea every year, with their large luggers, each manned by three or four men of singularly striking physique, and in general of a most blameless character.

I think it was in the summer of 1840 that I held an afternoon service and preached on board their boats in Kingstown harbour, on a brilliant Sabbath day, and things were on this wise:—Three of the largest of their luggers were lashed together. I stood on the half-deck of the centre one, and a semi-circle of ten sailors stood half round me. These were the singers; and splendid voices they had. Let me recall and perpetuate some of their names. There was John Kleynick (or Klennick), *facile princeps* among them all, a nautical Agamemnon for height and frame and broad shoulders; a splendid man, with a magnificent voice; there was Henry Vingoe, one of Nature's gentlemen—a clean, handsome, well-dressed English seaman, and a man of un-

¹ A handsome granite obelisk, now erected on the spot where Captain Boyd perished, records his noble daring on that occasion.

doubted piety; there was Thomas James, afterwards lost in a great storm off the southern coast¹ in an heroic attempt to save a neighbour's property; there was Nicholas Wright, of powerful frame; there was Hitchins, who gave the key-note on his clarionet, an instrument which he humanized into a female, and always spoke of as "she" and "her," though there was nothing of the female about it, save an occasional shrillness of tone; there was Baines (or Boynes), huge-framed and gentle-mannered; and young Simmons, with a voice rich and clear like a silver lute—he died of consumption a year or two afterwards, a nice boy; he is singing now up in heaven.

Many others were there, and they sang the psalms, and the old English hymns of Wesley, Cowper, and Newton, and what they called "Divine pieces," harmoniously, and with a wonderful effect. The congregation increased every minute; the piers were thronged with listeners. Many boats were putting off full of ladies and gentry, and I clearly recollect the late Lord Mayo (then Lord Naas, a fine lad of eighteen years of age) climbing up the lugger's side, followed by his brothers, fair and handsome and noble-looking boys.

The excitement was great, the sermon was

¹ See note at the end of this chapter referring to the chivalrous death of this man.

short, and the singing most striking and interesting, combining a vast body of sound, poured from so many deep chests with great sweetness and perfect tune.

"Loud they sang the Psalms of David ;
And the voice of their devotion,
Wildly wafted o'er the ocean,
Filled the soul with strange emotion,
For its tones by turns were glad,
Deeply solemn, sweetly sad."—LONGFELLOW.

They generally came in a large body to evening service in the church, and on its conclusion would remain, and sing for an hour or more, many hundreds of the congregation standing in their pews and enjoying their minstrelsy, which was often so full of power and of pathos, that I remember seeing one of our highest judicial personages so affected that the tears ran down his face.

When they left the church we had them in to tea at the Parsonage, of which cheering beverage they partook largely, and then would sing on till near midnight to a charmed auditory.

These men had a great character for honesty in Kingstown, and a Roman Catholic grocer told me he "would willingly give credit up to a ten-pound note to any of the English Blue Stockings."

They are splendid seamen, steering their own yawls or luggers through the roughest seas, and it is said that one of their boats, manned with five men,

had essayed and succeeded in reaching and doubling the Cape of Good Hope !

They are strong and intelligent Protestants, and of course lovers of their Queen and country. Of politics they know but little, and I should think the *Times* paper would be as strange to them as the *Alcoran* would be to an English farmer.

Their boats were in Kingstown at the time when people feared an invasion from Napoleon, the late French Emperor, and I spoke of the report to one of them as he sat in my study arranging the hymns for the next day, Sunday. He was a thoroughly gentle and quiet fellow, and always calm in his speech, but my communication roused and ignited him to something like fury :

"What!" he said, "England invaded! Our shores invaded! and by Frenchmen! No, no, we would never suffer it. What, approach our Cornish shore! and Frenchmen do it! They dare not! Every man and boy of us would go in our boats and fight them; our old men would take their crutches and belabour them; and there's not an old grandmother at our cottage firesides but would go off, ay, even in their wash-tubs, and with their mops and their beetling sticks, to fight the French and hinder their landing. And as for their Emperor, if *he* dare to come ashore on the Cornish coast, as God's above us, we will double him up and put him on a shelf."

When this outburst was going on, I thought of the rhyme which Cornishmen made and sang when their good Bishop was imprisoned by James II :—

“Shall good Trelawny die—shall good Trelawny die !
Then forty thousand Cornish men *must* know the reason why.”

My excited friend also told me there were 50,000 men in the Cornish tin-mines, strong fellows, all understanding the handling of gunpowder, “*who would eat a Frenchman without salt*,”—a splendid and reliable contingent for the British army or navy should war come.

Shortly after I had had this conversation with Vingoe, I dined at a friend's house, and sat next to the hero of Sobraon, Lord Gough, to whom I recounted what the Cornishman had said. He seemed interested by it as well as amused.

“Yes,” he remarked, “that is the English mastiff spirit, quiet till roused, but fierce in action, and never giving in or yielding, even though dismembered unto the very death ; and this unflagging resoluteness is national, and pervades every class of society in England, and is the cause why our shores have remained inviolate since the Norman invasion until now.”

I asked him if he thought that “Louis Napoleon ever could have managed to have thrown an army into England ?”

He answered, “Well, considering that so much

of the coast is totally without defences, it is hard to say ; but *this* I am certain of,” said the old warrior grimly, compressing his moustachioed lips, “if he *did* succeed in landing his soldiers on British soil, *not a man of them would ever get back to France !*”

Our church contained a fine flock, eminent among other good qualities for *liberality* and for *steadiness*. I shall give an illustration of each. First for *liberality* : A painter, named Newton, had died, and his widow did not long survive him ; she was a Roman Catholic, but passionately fond of her five little children, whom, strange to say, she committed to my guardianship on her death-bed, saying “she could trust me.” Her husband had been a member of our Benefit Society, and had died a pauper. I brought the case before my congregation on the following Sunday, and on Monday we enrolled the five little ones on the list of our Orphan Society, with fifty pounds to their credit for entrance fee and maintenance for a year, which I had received before the Sabbath sun had set. The case of *steadiness* was when our Queen steamed into Kingstown harbour on a Sunday evening. Bang ! bang ! went the cannon, shaking walls and windows of the church. Thousands outside were hurraing and shouting, but the large congregation within neither stirred nor moved, with the exception of one tall youth, who had come into the church with a huge

telescope under his arm, *predetermined on being irregular*; he rushed out, *the rest sat still*, and the minister finished his sermon, and had his concluding prayer in calmness and quietude.

I have spoken of my people, let me now say a few words of my pulpit—a dead thing no doubt, but alive with associations. Cervantes addresses his “grey goose quill,” and so I may speak of my pulpit. It sprang from the centre of my reading-desk, and both were composed of carved oak, part of which was taken from the door-panels of an old Trinity College quadrangle which had been recently pulled down, while some came from ancient pews of a defunct Dissenting chapel in Plunkett Street, and thus had broad significations, typifying the Church in her collegiate learning, as also a Catholic and liberal leaning towards Dissent. On the front reposed a shield of polished oak, hewn from the submerged timbers of the *Royal George*.

And what men and ministers had stood up in that pulpit during my ministry of twenty-seven years! I may be allowed to mention a few from many. *There* had preached Archbishop Whately, of Dublin; Bishop Singer, of Meath; Daly, of Cashel; Verschoyle, of Kilmore; Gregg, of Cork; Alexander, of Derry; and Day, of Cashel. Then great controversialists—such as the Rev. Robert J. McGhee, Mortimer O’Sullivan, Richard T. P. Pope, Tresham D. Gregg, Alexander Dallas, Edward Nangle, Thomas

Moriarty, Dan Foley, Alexander Hanlon. Then eminent clergymen—such as Frederick F. Trench, Sidney Smith, John Lever, Edward A. Stopford, Doctor Drewe, Edward P. Brooke, John Whitestone, William Wingfield, and Frederick Dowling.

Then a number of fine young fellows at that time beginning their ministry, and who have since well fulfilled the Church’s expectations—such as John M. Massey, the present excellent and amiable Dean of Kilmore; Stopford J. Ram, a beloved cousin; Henry Percival; Alexander H. Synge, now passed from earth; Maurice H. Neligan, one of the most efficient and successful of our Dublin clergy; Charles Kirton; Charles Hort, the well-known military chaplain; Gerald S. Fitz-Gerald, now Rector of Wanstead, Essex; and Thomas J. Weland, now of Belfast, of whose worth and wisdom I could not trust myself to speak.

These are all fitted to be recorded here, as being among my happiest “Recollections of the Irish Church.”

NOTE.

“There are other times when wilful shipwreck of life for others is entirely noble. I heard a story when I was a boy, from the Cornish fishermen who came to fish the sea near which I lived. A few of their boats were out one stormy day, off the coast of Cornwall, some further windward than the others. They saw the horizon darkening under an approaching squall, and the white lines of the advancing rain and wind rushing towards them; they were soon within it, and ran before it;

but as they ran they saw that one of their comrades' boats had been unable to recover its nets, and that these nets lay right in their path. To cross them was to destroy them ; to destroy them was to impoverish a whole family. In a moment these two brave men and a boy resolved, at the desperate risk of their lives, to tack and bear away. They did this generous thing. A mighty wave rose against the boat, the sail pressed it down, and it foundered in the gale. You may call that an imprudence if you will, but I think it steps out of the range of imprudence. There was a fair chance of escape ; it was not mere instinct, it was but fulfilling the ordinary tenor of their life. Had they not done it they would have felt ashamed. There was no moral guilt connected with any part of it. It left behind a great tradition of noble action which was remembered for years, and inspired every man and boy and girl in the village ; and our own hearts as they burn on hearing it tell us how great and true it was."—Extract from a sermon on *The Shipwrecks of Life*, by the Rev. Stopford Brooke, preached in St. James's Chapel, London, June 1872.

CHAPTER IX.

THE Home Mission for preaching the Gospel through Ireland by Church of England clergymen, acting gratuitously, was set on foot about the year 1833, and we first became acquainted with it in the following way :—

We were at luncheon one day in summer at Glendoen Rectory, when we saw a strange vehicle rolling up the avenue. It was a low phaeton, with immensely long shafts painted bright blue, and drawn by a powerful brown horse, without bearing-rein or blinkers. Inside the carriage sat a tall and slender man, with a face where gentleness and determination strangely strove for ascendancy. This was the Rev. Frederick F. Trench, of whom mention has been made. He was coming to inaugurate the Mission in our parish, with the full consent of the Rector. This permission was accorded by almost every incumbent who had a genuine love for their Church, but some were not willing, and a strange minister coming to pray and to preach in their parish formed the *casus*

belli against the Society, and finally produced its dissolution.

The plan of the Society was to permeate every diocese in Ireland, its Missionaries preaching two or three times a day, in church, or school, or if such advantages were withholden, in courthouse, or theatre, or barn, or ballroom, or kitchen, as things might be—the service consisting of prayers selected from the Liturgy, hymns, extemporary prayer and a sermon.

The affairs of the Society were managed by a Committee, who sat in Sackville Street, Dublin, and who were recipients from the clergy and public of funds necessary for the work. The Missionaries were, like the son of Semo, “car-borne,” *i.e.* travelling through the country on hackney “jaunting cars.” Yet numbers of friends, offering their vehicles, carriage or gig, transported them occasionally from place to place. The machinery of the Mission was formed on the itinerancy of the Wesleyans, and succeeded admirably. The Bishops had been solicited to take the leadership, but they refused, and were more or less inimical to the Mission; and finally, on being threatened with an appeal to the ecclesiastical tribunals, the Committee, unwilling to appear to strive against their Bishops, yielded the matter, and dissolved themselves and the Society.

The names of the Committee were the Rev. Robert Daly, Rector of Powerscourt, afterwards Bishop of

Cashel; Rev. Denis Browne, afterwards Dean of Emly; Rev. F. F. Trench; Rev. W. Maconchy, rector of Coolock; Rev. H. Halahan, rector of St. Nicolas; Rev. Francis Thomas; Rev. Edward P. Brooke, of Swift's Alley Church; Rev. Charles M. Fleury, Rev. John Hare, &c., &c.

Mr. Trench preached that night in the Sunday Schoolroom of Letterkenny, solid, simple Scriptural teaching, with a calm fluency and an excellent articulation, most earnest and touching. The large room was thronged with Dissenters, and after the service was over, old Jack E——, a strong Baptist and the Nonconforming patriarch of the town, said in my hearing—pulling down his brown wig with one hand, and the next minute hitching up his trousers—“Well, if we had had such preaching in my days, I never would have left the Church and taken to the Baptists.”

The Mission for years was manned by the best men and the most eloquent preachers in the Irish Church. It pervaded the four Provinces, winter and summer, brought in many Dissenters to the Church, awakened or strengthened sleepy or feeble clergy, did unheard-of good, and was proceeding to weld the Christianity of Ireland into one happy Church unity, when its heart was chilled by the ice-breath of authority, and its functions ceased with its vitality, and the Home Mission was no more.

In the years 1827 and 1838 there were two

famous theological duels fought in Dublin, not with sword and pistol, but with the tongue weapon, by earnest champions, ministers of our Church, against a Roman Catholic priest.

The combatants on the first occasion were the Rev. Richard T. P. Pope and the Rev. Thomas Maguire, parish priest of a place in the county of Leitrim. Mr. Pope excelled his adversary as much in learning, eloquence, and argument, as Mr. Maguire exceeded him in physical strength, in ready though coarse humour, and that audacity of assumption which forms so strong a basis for Roman Catholic pretensions. At the close each party claimed the victory. They had gone too much on the authority of the Fathers—a wide and almost shoreless sea of reference for disputants to sail on, when we consider that they consist of thirty-five huge folios in Greek and Latin, requiring, as some one says, “the wealth of Cræsus to buy, the patience of Job to wade through, and the longevity of Methuselah to master them completely.”¹

Mr. Pope afterwards published his volume on the *Misquotations of Romanism*, which I believe never has been answered, and which seems to imply that his adversary had—

“Just enough of learning to misquote.”

In the next contest, eleven years afterwards.

¹ Yet our great and good Archbishop Ussher read them all through when a young minister, a task of some years, but duly performed.

Father Maguire was arrayed against a Protestant champion fully his equal in physical advantages, and infinitely his superior in knowledge of the subject as well as in powers of argument. This was the Rev. Tresham Dames Gregg, D.D., a minister of acknowledged talent and worth. He was the very man to meet the priest; he was all adamant, granite, *Ἀνὴρ Τετράγωνος*, and not to be shaken. When Maguire was coarse, Gregg was solemn; when abusive, Gregg responded with close and hard-hitting argument. Neither bravado nor cajolery could make him yield one foot of ground or one iota of truth. Rejecting the fallible authority of the Fathers, he pinned his adversary, as a mastiff would hold a bull, to the testimony of History and of Scripture, and never let him go. Arrayed in full canonicals each day, he came forth on the Rotunda platform, and refused to be accountable for the dicta of any Protestant Church but that of England. As the ninth day approached, he opened up the obscene mysteries of Dens' infamous “Theology” (a classbook at Maynooth College for young priests), to the utter confusion of his worn-out adversary, who thereupon gave up, crest-fallen and dejected—Mr. Gregg coolly apostrophizing him, as he retired from the room, in words similar to those in the prophecy of Micah, vi. 13:—“I protest I have made thee sick with smiting thee.” I believe the Roman Catholic priests were never

suffered by their Bishops to engage in public controversy with our Church after the discomfiture of their champion Father Maguire, who was esteemed a very Goliath of Gath among them for prowess. Some time after this there appeared a little work, which was a perfect controversial sword in itself, sharp-edged, and cutting asunder many a theological knot: it was called *The Handbook of Romanism*, by the late Rev. Charles Stuart Stanford, Rector of St. Thomas's parish, Dublin. Mr. Stanford was an eminent classical scholar; he had published an edition of Plato, and was the founder and original editor of the *Dublin University Magazine*—his tall, slender figure suggesting for him the *nom de plume* of "Anthony Poplar" in the pages of that periodical. He combined that rare thing among the Evangelical body, extensive literary culture with active professional piety; he was Calvinistic in his tendencies, but his sermons were replete with interest and with teaching, and his parish work distinguished for activity and large-handed liberality to the poor.

That controversy with the Roman Church should be kept up in Ireland is an inevitable consequent on the defenceless position of our poor Protestants, and the intense activity of the Roman Catholic clergy. Of course, these gentlemen are acting according to their light, and so are aggressive. We boast of a higher, nobler light, and so are aggressive and

defensive too. The Church of Rome in this country is rich with hundreds of thousands of pounds granted by a Liberal Government for collegiate and educational purposes; besides, she profits by enormous sums bequeathed to her priests by dying people, to have their souls prayed out of purgatory by masses: this is a fact, and cannot be denied. The Church of Ireland has not one pound paid her for prayers for the dead—she rejects the doctrine—nor one penny from Government, but has been robbed and stripped and spoliated, to the heart's content of Whigs, Infidels, Quakers, Socinians, Jews, Romanists, and Liberals; nay, I have been positively told that among the "mixed multitude" who voted down the Irish Church in 1869 are to be found gentlemen, professing to be ultra-religious men, who take the chair in London at Bible Society meetings! but this is almost incredible.

The position of the two Churches now, in respect of endowment from the State—or with us, from our former natural belongings—is just the reverse of the beautiful picture which Thomas Moore drew in the grandest of all his charming *Melodies*, "The Irish Peasant to his Mistress." There he apostrophizes the Roman Catholic Church as she was in his own time and in his own consideration, and contrasts her with the Established Church of the same era:—

"Thy rival was honoured, while thou wert wronged and scorned,
Thy crown was of briars, while gold her brow adorned."

K

But now the crown has been transferred,—the “gold” belongs to Rome, and the “briars” and thorns are ours.

The avowed aim of the disestablishing party was to destroy what they called “Protestant ascendancy” in this country, and to level-up the Romish Church and population to an equality with us. That this should ever succeed is highly questionable. As long as the Romish clergy are under the absolute thrall and bondage of an Italian ecclesiastic, and as long as the Romish population in their turn are indebted to their priests alone for their teaching in theology as well as for their loyalty to England, so long they must remain low down and dungeoned and oppressed by the gravitation of their own mental slavery; while the Protestantism of this country, though robbed and spoiled, still rises buoyant, and rides exulting on the thousand waves of its own FREE institutions.

The very fetter-bolts, and chains, and thumb-screws in the holds of the ships of the Spanish Armada were morally sufficient to sink the whole fleet to the bottom of the sea. And while the Irish Church is compelled to do active and personal battle from time to time, to keep her own against the encroaching power of an hostile institution, she has for long years constructed bastions for protection, and towers along the deep, to shelter the shipwrecked, and rescue and receive the wanderer;

and these are represented by her great and busy charitable societies, which, ignorant of Government favour or bounty, are entirely supported by voluntary subscriptions from individuals. Thus in Dublin there are two Protestant “Orphan Societies,” which since their formation have received, reared, educated in Church principles, and put forth into the world as apprentices or as servants, 2,975 orphans—numbers of these rescued from Popery, and all from penury; and in many, indeed almost all, the counties in Ireland, are branch societies working well, and liberally supported by the neighbouring clergy and gentry.

Of the old Irish Society I saw a good deal in Donegal, and afterwards during a brief visit to Lord Ventry at Dingle, in the county of Kerry. Here Dr. Thomas Moriarty laboured, and I preached in his church to a large congregation of steady and attentive converts from Romanism. The Moriartys, an ancient clan in Kerry, were many of them converts to our Church, and the Doctor was, and is, a gifted and most persuasive preacher, whether he addresses in English, or speaks to his Irish hearers in the mellifluous accents of the native tongue, which they love so well to hear, and in which he is a proficient.

The Irish Bible has done all this; the Society worked simply through its power. They hired Irish readers who, in cot, or cabin, or loft, or

kitchen, or in the brown bog, or green field, or rough causeway, or in the shelter of a haystack, collected the peasants, and without note, comment, or preaching, read the New Testament, and taught their hearers simply how to read the same. An inestimable clergyman, with a long head and a large and warm heart, courageous to an excess and self-denying to an extreme, worked well and long and successfully here; he was the Rev. Edward Gayer, now gathered to his rest, but his works do follow him; and here, amidst these beautiful southern wilds—the rocks, and lakes, and cliffs, and lawns, and forest glens, and lofty mountains of grand old Kerry—I met with hundreds who, walking now in the light of a pure faith, had reason to bless the peace and the liberty which the reading of the Irish Bible had brought to their souls.

Another genuine institution to meet the times was “The Society for Protecting the Rights of Conscience,” set on foot in 1850 by and under the patronage of Dr. Whately, the Archbishop of Dublin, “for the purpose of protecting in the exercise of their Christian liberty those converts from Romanism who have been deprived of all former means of earning a livelihood on account of their change of religion. This state of things extends over numerous and widely-scattered localities in the south and west of Ireland, in which many converts have been brought from Romanism

to Scriptural truth, and in consequence are suffering *bitter persecution* in various ways. In addition to personal violence and abusive language to *themselves*, their Roman Catholic friends, relatives, and neighbours are threatened with the most dreadful curses, and with the deprivation of the rites of their Church, should they speak to them, or render them aid or countenance of any kind, and all are prohibited from selling to them, or buying from them, or giving them any employment.”

“Against such a spirit of intolerance this Society solemnly protests.

“The Society makes grants to trustworthy individuals in each locality to enable them to provide employment, with the distinct understanding that no money shall be given except as wages for work actually done.”

“The committee have had the satisfaction of learning that at least in one locality the mere knowledge of the existence of this Society has effectually hindered persecution.”

The above is copied from the seventh Report of the Society, 1858.

Another society of a defensive character in Dublin is “The Priests’ Protection Society,” whose object is to shelter from persecution priests of good character who have conscientiously abandoned the Church of Rome, to support, help, and educate them. Fully 100 Roman Catholic priests and

students have availed themselves of the benefits of this Society, and have turned out well. The Rev. Thomas Scott, formerly Rector of St. Audoen's, is the zealous friend and motive power of this Society.

I am quite aware that some of our English neighbours disapprove of our taking out converts from Romanism, while others accuse us of "making no way against Catholicism." The latter was a frequent argument against our Church in the spoliation debate of 1869. But both these parties are wrong; the first in principle, the second in fact. Perhaps a happy solution of the question may be deduced from the following anecdote:—

Some years ago one of our Irish deans, a shrewd but worldly man, was besought, by a brother minister as careless as himself, to use his influence to "put a stop to these Protestant societies and Church missions." "No," answered the Dean, "I will not. You, my friend, do not do any duty, nor do I; therefore I won't oppose those who do."

The diocese of Dublin had much liberty under the long and mild rule of Archbishop Whately. His chaplain at the outset was Dr. Dickinson, afterwards Bishop of Meath, a man of an extremely gentle and winning aspect and address, and particularly accessible to the clergy on all matters of counsel or business.

The Archbishop preached often, held at the palace a weekly levée for the clergy, and had

annual Confirmations all over his large dioceses, at which he delivered the same addresses precisely, from year to year, to the young candidates, afterwards admitting them all as communicants at the Lord's table, he himself administering the sacred rite. His Visitations were annual, and peculiar. The clergy all met for divine service in St. Patrick's Cathedral, after which his Grace delivered his Charge from the throne, which address was generally on the polemical or political topics of the day. Then we saw him go into the chancel to hold his Visitation Court. Here he sat at a small table placed behind the communion rails. At his left was seated his Vicar-General, Joseph Ratcliffe, LL.D., a very handsome, clever, and courteous person, clad in a scarlet gown and a wig. On his right hand stood Mr. Samuels, his registrar, in black gown and frizzled wig, an obliging and active officer, in his calling still intent on demanding "proxies and exhibits" from the clergy, the meaning of which mysterious words no one could tell, not even, I do believe, Mr. Samuels himself, and which fines I never paid, on the score of their incomprehensibility. Rector and vicar, with their curates, were called up, questioned, and advised if necessary, but always kindly and gently, for there was no harshness with his Grace in act or word on these occasions. This Visitation lasted many hours, but the clergy were

invited into the Deanery, which was close by, and had refreshments in the dining-room, whose walls had often echoed to the wit or cynicism of Jonathan Swift—his handsome face looked down upon us from over the mantelpiece. The Dean who so hospitably entertained us was the Hon. Henry Pakenham, a perfect gentleman, a liberal-handed clergyman, and a sound and Christian minister.

I dined more than once, before I left the diocese, with his Grace. He was then beginning to exhibit symptoms of the fatal disease which carried him off. He was rather silent during dinner, but in the evening, after he was seated on his sofa and had had his tea, his spirits rose above summer heat, and his conversation was one sustained brilliancy. Then he would quote Greek and Latin in long sentences, rally and chaff his clergy, propose difficult questions from the Bible, or in science or mechanics, and answer them himself; enact pun, or conundrum, or furnish some quaint or striking illustration, with the vivacity and simple enjoyment of a schoolboy. I often thought that, with respect to wit and appreciation of the humorous and the odd, he was more an Irishman than a Saxon—*Hibernior ipsis Hibernicis*.

On the Archbishop's appointment to the See of Dublin, his friend, Dr. Arnold of Rugby, said, "If ever a man could be found to regenerate the Church in Ireland it would be Whately." Such a consum-

mation would have been devoutly wished, I believe, by all parties; but Dr. Arnold's judgment on the Irish Church could not be trusted,—simply because, though an excellent man, a great philosopher and a successful schoolmaster, he was profoundly ignorant of Ireland, like many Englishmen of his class, and he had spoken in words strongly akin to contempt of "Evangelicals and Protestants," *et hoc genus omne*. Now it happens that three-fourths of the leading clergy of this country are Evangelical and sound Protestants. The Archbishop piloted the National Board for a while; he gave the whole of his masterly mind to bring good and teaching to the institution. He introduced his book *On the Christian Evidences*, which probably was never read by any Romanist; he compiled *Scripture Extracts*, in which appeared—unhappily, it must be said—the Douay note to Gen. iii. 15, where the Blessed Virgin has the honour of bruising the serpent's head, *ipsa conteret*. And in these extracts also was given, in a note, the Unitarian rendering of 1 Corinthians xv. 47th verse; but all would not do. The Government was feeble on this one point certainly, or probably indifferent on the matter; the Viceroy was very feeble, and ultra-Liberal; but the Jesuit element in the Board was *not* feeble, but strong and aggressive. There were four Protestant Commissioners, all eminent for intelligence and character, namely, His Grace, Mr.

Blackburne (afterwards Lord Chancellor), Mr. Serjeant (afterwards Baron) Greene, and the Rev. W. Carlisle, an excellent minister of the Church of Scotland. Gradually these men retired, they could not stay; the Archbishop's books were put out; then at length he himself seceded, and if at the next meeting of the Commissioners it had been asked, "Where is his Grace the Archbishop?" a voice, like that of Lady Fairfax among the regicides, might have answered, "He is too honest to be here."

One hundred witticisms, and even puns, have been fathered upon the Archbishop, with what truth it would be hard to say; however, that he was very capable of saying extremely apt and good things all must allow. The following I can vouch for the accuracy of:—He had been at divine service in St. —'s Church. The preacher was a good and a clever man, but had acquired a habit of using long words and reiterated sentences in his sermons. "Now," said his Grace, as he left the church, to a friend, "this man and I strangely differ, for I have been for forty years trying to say hard things in easy words, and here is a man who has spent as many minutes in endeavouring to say easy things in hard words."

CHAPTER X.

IN the summer of 1844 I spent my holiday in the wild West, a portion of it being passed with some friends residing on the sea-bank of Galway Bay. They had hired the Spiddall River for the fishing season. This mountain stream, rushing from an upper level, flings itself over a granite ledge, and comes on to the sea flowing and curling amidst huge grey boulders. It abounds with salmon, and is full of deep black holes, "*convaynient* for the fish," as our rustic fly-tier expressed it. Here the clergyman was the Rev. John Cather, who is now Archdeacon of Tuam.

On Sunday we drove in to Galway—the ancient "City of the Tribes"¹—twelve miles along the sea. Here, in the church of St. Nicholas, we were so fortunate as to hear the Warden of Galway, esteemed the best preacher in Ireland, and certainly I never listened to a more effective or finished

¹ The Spanish Tribes, whose descendants still form a large portion of the gentry of the County Galway, are—the Athys, the Blakes, the Bodkins, the Brownes, the D'Arcys, the Deanes, the Frenches, the Fonts, the Joyces, the Kirwans, the Lynches, the Martins, the Morrises, the Skerrett's—fourteen in all.

discourse, or looked upon a more striking orator. He had neither note nor MS. before him, but, gifted with a calm fluency, he delivered with an admirable voice and graceful action his weighty and convincing matter,—at times retreating a step backward in the pulpit as if to gather his thoughts, and then coming fully forward, he would pour forth, with extended arms, over the heads of his auditory, sentence after sentence of polished English, nervous, logical, and most scriptural. He was of the Evangelical school. To this day, after thirty years, I can remember the pointed arguments of that sermon, and can also recall how every member of our party, on our way home, had a word of commendation for what they had heard.

Warden James Daly was of a very ancient and noble Celtic race. He was, I think, cousin to Lord Dunsandle and Clanconnell, and also to the late Robert Daly, Bishop of Cashel; he was in the habit of exteriorating himself in some degree from his brother clergymen, and most rarely appeared in a pulpit, his sermons thus acquiring a value, super-added to their own excellency, from their scarceness, like the books of the Sibyl at old Rome.

This diocese for a number of years was happy under the Episcopate of Power Le Poer Trench, last Archbishop of Tuam, a man to be numbered with the most useful, most single-minded, and most holy ministers of our Church. He was brother

to that Earl of Clancarty who was Marquis of Heusden in the Netherlands, and our ambassador at Brussels in 1815, when Waterloo's battle was fought and won.

The Archbishop was born in Sackville Street, Dublin, in 1770. In common with all his family, he had rare gifts of appearance, was remarkably handsome, and had hardy, manly, and self-denying habits from his youth up. His servant would break the ice on a winter's morning for him to plunge in the water; and he had ridden on one occasion fifty miles in the day without fatigue. He was unacquainted with pride, and was through life the poor man's friend, adviser, and generous benefactor. When Bishop of Elphin, he had, being then a young man, put forth some clouded views; but his Archdeacon, William Digby, an honest and intrepid Christian gentleman, and a man of the most unquestionable character for good works and unbounded charities, remonstrated with him in a long letter, most respectfully, yet with such fidelity and firmness of argument, that the Bishop, after many conversations held with Digby, could not resist the truths thus urged upon him, and eventually coincided in his adviser's views, continuing with the good Archdeacon his strict bond of friendship all through life.

In the autumn of 1819 the Prince of Wales nominated the Bishop to the Arch See of Tuam,

which he held till his death in 1839, for twenty years. He was sixty-nine when he died. In the summer of 1837 he was at Kingstown with his family, and did me the kind favour of paying me a visit. The day was damp and chilly, and I recollect the Archbishop sitting close to the fire, putting his feet on the fender, and chatting most agreeably, asking me questions and giving me advice about my church, then in an unfinished state. This habit of familiar visiting I have heard he kept up in his diocese, calling on the youngest curate, and sitting with him in his room, with a word of counsel or of kindness, and neglecting none, however obscure or distant his lodging might be. One of his clergy records: "He sat among us like a father." He was a man too, as I have said, of unbounded generosity, and his watchful considerateness for such of his clergy as had any visitation of pecuniary distress, evinced itself in handsome donations of money, secretly bestowed, and renewed if necessary afterwards. No doubt he exercised something of military discipline in his plans, and in the arrangements of his diocese, and liked to choose and to appoint the curates; but this was a task which his beneficed clergy seemed very glad to leave in his hands, from the high opinion they entertained of his spiritual judgment and his disinterested zeal for the good of their parishes.

He was a man of faith, of prayer, and of habitual

self-denial—his original fine nature sanctified and elevated into a Christian nobility, suitable to the profession he made, and adorning the eminent position in the Church which God's providence had assigned him. I have often applied to him some lines,¹ which my memory retains I fear very imperfectly, from boyhood's days—

"A prince without pride, a man without guile,
To the last devoted, warm and sincere;
For the good—he still had a hand and a smile,
For misery—ever a gift or a tear."

After the Archbishop's death, his family resided for some years in Kingstown, during which time I enjoyed the happy privilege of having them as members of my congregation.

In such a diocese, and under such a ruler, what good must have been done! We learn this from an interesting and exhaustive Life of the Archbishop by the Rev. Joseph D'Arcy Sirr, D.D., rector of Yoxford, Suffolk, and formerly rector of Kilcoleman, Tuam. This biography appeared about six years after his Grace's death. I knew but little of the western clergy at that time; but after some years I made the acquaintance of, and highly loved and esteemed, the Rev. John Le Poer Trench, the Archbishop's nephew. He was rector of Longford, and was a single-eyed and godly minister, much

¹ Written by Thomas Moore on the Duke of York, George the Third's son, in a poem called "The Slave."

exercised by bodily suffering; a man of a sweet and gentle spirit and a loving nature. He and his brother William were eminently fine-looking men. No statelier step trod the platform of the Rotunda at our Church Education Society's annual meetings than that of these two noble, handsome, and thoroughly good brothers. William was secretary to the above society, and rector of Moylough; but both he and his brother have passed away, and have attained their rest in a better world.

I had the pleasure of preaching at Ballinasloe the annual sermon for the funds of the Church Education Society in the year 1850. It was during the great cattle fair, when the gentry and farmers of the west congregate to purchase or dispose of their live stock. I was on this occasion hospitably entertained by the Rev. John Cotton Walker at the Rectory, an honest and warm-hearted Christian minister, exhibiting rather a strong spirit of controversy, and bent on making fiery forays on Romanism, in which it is said he was very successful.

Mr. Sirr does ample justice in his book to the many excellent clergymen of the diocese of Tuam. One of them was a person well known to literary fame some forty years ago, whom the Archbishop promoted, viz. the Rev. George Brittain, who was rector of Kilcommick in the diocese of Ardagh in 1828. He was a striking and interesting preacher,

and had a noble and intellectual countenance and presence. He belonged to the Evangelical school; and wrote a good deal—*Hyacinth O'Gara, Honor Delany, Irish Priests and English Landlords*, and many other works, all abounding in graphic sketches of Irish peasant life, seasoned with great but quiet humour and purity of thought,—these books were connected more or less with the Romish controversy, and are still popular, and much read, from their agreeability.

Mr. Brittain died in 1847, in Dublin. But though few could cope with him in graphic power and genius, yet this diocese under Dr. Trench's rule could furnish a long list of clergymen eminent for parochial activity, intelligence, and spirituality. Homer recounts the Grecian ships of the invading fleet, Virgil recites the names of Æneas' companions, and why may not I, *magna componere parvis*, in a homely way, enumerate a few of the "good soldiers and servants" who preached the word, and kept the truth and faith of Christ, for years, through Tuam?

There were Archdeacons Trench and Digby, Warden Daly, William and John Trench, Hobart Seymour, Denis Browne, Joseph D. Sirr, Charles Seymour, Thomas de Burgh, J. Galbraith, Robert Blundell, J. Anderson, John Handcock, James White, J. D. Mansfield, Edward Nangle, John Gorges, Patrick Pounden, Lewis Potter, Edward

Synge, Samuel Medlicott, Edward Hardman—a fine band of workmen for the Gospel and the Church. The diocese of Ardagh was under the Archbishop's surveillance. I had a natural interest in it from the circumstance of my grandfather, William Brooke, having been an incumbent there for fifty years, holding the large union of Granard, including Scrabby, Abbeylara, Columbkil, and Ballymachugh, five parishes in all, from about 1754 to 1804. Now each is a distinct benefice, a *just* and righteous dislocation of a monster abuse. I had, during my Kingstown incumbency some honoured friends in Ardagh, among whom were George Shawe, rector of Annaduff; the Rev. Arthur Hyde of Mohill, a man whom my congregation delighted to hear read the service, such was his sweetness of intonation and judgment of expression.

George de la Poer Beresford, rector of Feenagh, was another friend, whose society was always an enjoyment. He was a gentle Evangelical, most attractive in appearance, and uniting in his character, two seemingly opposing elements—a bright play of wit, and great simplicity of manner.

During those days I spent a week with the Dean of Tuam, Robert Plunket, youngest son of the great Lord Plunket. He was rector of Headford, and was, in conjunction with his excellent and charming lady and family, a thorough hard-worker in the vineyard of the Church of Ireland. In the most

quiet and unobtrusive way he achieved a decided success among his Roman Catholic parishioners, and his congregation was swelled by numerous converts and his school with eager listeners and learners.

Mrs. Plunket laboured among the women, taught them Scripture, taught the young girls to be skilled seamstresses, and good practical cooks, and then procured them situations in the country. I may truly say I never was in any clergyman's house, where so much useful and sensible work for soul and body went on, and all with such a noiseless and unpretending activity, as in the parsonage of my dear and ever-lamented friend, Robert Plunket. The Dean's brother was Lord Plunket, who was also Bishop of Tuam. They were both sons of the great Chancellor and statesman, from whose estimate of Roman Catholic clergymen, they must have differed widely, if we compare *his* speeches, and their conduct, and what they met with. They both lent the weight of their rank, their worth, and their great local influence to build and endow churches and schools to receive and instruct the many converts of the diocese, and in this good work they were helped by Alexander Dallas of the Irish Church Missions, as well as by their nephew, the Rev. William Conyngham Plunket,¹

¹ Now Bishop of Meath. I wish I could force myself to speak of him as I could speak; but I know how distasteful any eulogy would be to him, though on my part warranted by an intimacy of forty years.

the present Peer, a man who is an honour to his name as well as to his nation.

Among these men "The Connaught Church Endowment Society" was formed. Large sums were raised, and the work went on and prospered, which may be seen by the following facts:—

In 1837, in West Connaught, there were seven churches and thirteen congregations; in 1867 there were thirty churches and fifty-seven congregations. Thus, in thirty years "God had made the waste to sing." The present Archbishop of Canterbury gave 100*l.* to this society, and Bishop Wilberforce 110*l.*; the late Primate of Ireland, Lord John Beresford, contributed 800*l.*, and his successor and cousin, the present Primate, in an equally princely fashion, gave 830*l.*

In one of these churches—Sellerna, built and parochialized and endowed by this society—I preached on a fine Sunday to about 230 peasants, all converts from Romanism, and most attentive. There were three Church services that Sunday, and there were four Scripture schools in the parish.

After my return from Galway, I recollect being engaged on a Home Mission, which Archbishop Whately had organized in his own dioceses, after the failure of our more informal endeavour. I had been on this circuit two or three times, as also many other members of the old society; but somehow it did not succeed so well—the enthusiasm

was slacker, and the attendance of congregations not so good; yet we were allowed to conduct the services on the same fashion, but hindered from going into any parish where the rector was unwilling to receive us, which was all right and proper. We all acknowledged *this*, though we had not practised it in the old Home Mission days.

Somehow this permitted Mission wanted the wild and racy flavour of the former one; yet I trust much good was done in the preaching of the Gospel, as well as in the meeting with and socializing of our brethren and their flocks. On the occasion referred to above, I had proceeded along the edge of Kildare and Wicklow, preaching at Nasa, Timolin, Dunlavin, Donard, &c., then passing through the Glen of Imaal, I crossed by one of the Wicklow mountain "gaps," and found myself on the fifth night at Glenmore Castle, with my old friend Francis Synge. He was High Sheriff for the county that year. The assizes were over, and the Judges gone, leaving one unfortunate to be executed on conviction of a terrible murder, which happened thus: he had gone at dead of night to the solitary cabin of an old peasant reputed to have money; his victim had feebly resisted, but he struck him down with a spade, broke his skull, and then threw the body on a dunghill. As the morning broke, he had turned his face towards Dublin, along the old Military Road;

but falling in with a small body of police, they apprehended him on the testimony of his blood-stained clothes, and afterwards on his own confession, and conveyed him to jail. "Now," said my friend, "you can see this man if you wish. I can, from my office, take you into his cell; you might say something to do him good; the unhappy fellow is to be hung on Monday." Accordingly, next morning we drove into Wicklow, and Mr. Synge consigned me to the care of the jailer, he having business elsewhere, and by him I was ushered into the presence of the criminal in his condemned stone cell, the jailer retiring, and shutting and locking the iron door after him—the large locks falling into their mortises, I confess, gave me an unpleasant sensation. I saluted my companion courteously; he was a red-haired, athletic man, with a low forehead, and a hard, ruffianly air, something like a prize-fighter in his countenance. He was eating, I suppose, his luncheon, milk and potatoes; the latter he adroitly peeled from their skin with his long and strong thumbnail, an operation which I never saw inflicted on the esculent before or since.

I told him that "Mr. Synge had wished me to pay him a visit." He said, "the Sheriff was a kind gentleman." Then he went on peeling his potatoes doggedly, and popping them very hot into his mouth. I spoke to him very earnestly on the

tremendous change before him, and how his soul was to appear before God in forty-eight hours' time, and was going on to ask him how he felt prepared, when he interrupted me, crying out, "What's the use of all this talk? I've had my priest, and got my absolution, and there's nothing amiss with me now. Don't you see them books on the bed?" There I saw the *Litany of the Blessed Virgin*, and the *Garden of the Soul*—small tracts. Then I said, "May I pray for you?" He said, "I tell you all's right," and went on eating. I fell on my knees—much moved, God knows—and prayed very earnestly that our precious Saviour might visit and teach this poor, unhappy soul; and then I raised my bowed head and looked at my companion. He was peeling a large potato, very busily, sitting straight up on his bench, yet regarding me with a stare in which astonishment, contempt, and utter indifference were curiously but unmistakably blended!

Hark! 'tis the jailor shooting back the heavy locks, to my great joy I confess, for I had never felt quite at ease during the interview. So I bid my poor friend good-bye—he staring and not responding—and I left the jail and joined Synge in the street, who wrote to me next week, that this man had died, as he had lived, utterly obdurate, hard, and unrepenting, a terrible illustration of the miserable falsity of Rome's teaching.

CHAPTER XI.

My chief aim in these reminiscences is to reanimate the dead, and, if I might so prevail, to bring back to notice and kindly regard a few worthies whose memory is being effaced in the rushing tide of modern life, and the rise and influence of new men and new opinions. I have been with my readers in the south, and west, and north-west, and I would now convey them up to the north, and through some of the midland provinces of Ireland.

About seven miles due north from Dublin, on what was for long years the beaten track for mail and stage coaches, lies the grey and antiquated village of Swords—sounding of battle, but in reality deriving its name from a very old hospital, now long defunct, for deaf people—"les sourds." This parish was held for many years by the father of the present Earl of Wicklow, the Hon. Francis Howard; a kind gentleman, a steady friend, and a man who spoke occasionally on the platform of our religious societies sensibly and well.

About thirteen miles northward is historical

Drogheda, lying on the yellow Boyne, and within a few miles of the Fords of Oldbridge, where a kingdom was lost and won in 1690. The living of this town was held in 1830 by the Rev. John Magee, eldest son of the Archbishop of Dublin, and father of the present Bishop of Peterborough. I knew him well, and to know him was to love him. He was a man of the warmest affections, with a fiery temperament against what he conceived to be wrong in Church or doctrine, yet tender, honest, and generous, in confessing to his having spoken hastily; an enthusiastic friend, an ardent lover of the lovable, and what Dr. Johnson calls "a good hater," had he not been restrained by religion; he was an earnest preacher, and popular in spite of his strong Calvinism, and a good working minister, as was his successor, the Rev. Arthur Wynne.

About twenty or thirty miles north of Drogheda, in the shadow of the great Slieve Donard, 2,800 feet high, lies lovely Tullamore Park—a perfect gem of rural beauty, with its lawns sloping to the sun, and brilliant with the dyes and hues of many flowers; while beneath is its wild glen, and its torrent rushing through its rocks, and brawling onward to the sea. Here lived the good Earl of Roden, a man whose nature was nobler even than his birth, a devoted Christian, a sound Protestant, and a cordial friend of the Irish Church. Between Tullamore Park and the little fidgety, yet thriving,

town of Newry, is the parish of Drumgooland. This place, in conjunction with others in its neighbourhood, had a passing notoriety for the many striking conversions in it which took place during the great Ulster Revivals of 1860. People may discredit this movement, and no doubt there *was* a measure of deception and some humbug in many of the cases, especially those pretending to be supernatural; but indubitably a large amount of solid good resulted from these Revivals—a perceptible growth of sobriety, an increase of industry and domestic happiness, and a visible diminution of party spirit and political bitterness. I can testify from having witnessed it—“*Quæque ipse vidi.*” The Rev. Edward Perry Brooke was the rector of the parish; he was formerly captain of the grenadier company of Her Majesty’s 62d regiment, and now, in his new vocation as a parson, he was a hard worker, a bold rider, a frank companion, a steady visitor, and a frequent and acceptable preacher of his Master’s gospel—“moving from the casque to the cushion.” He had found sixty of a congregation, and now he had six hundred; he had “made the crown a pound;” there was often scarce standing-room in his church, and always a number of Dissenters. Many of his people were rough mountaineers, and these he drilled during Divine Service to almost regimental order and submission. On one occasion, when the leading

Presbyterian minister of the parish had a hasty summons, and could not find a substitute; Mr. Brooke volunteered to hold a mid-day service in his chapel, using his own mode of worship, on which occasion he introduced part of our Liturgy, and preached to an overflowing congregation, the people sitting outside on the window-sills,—the Bishop of Dromore, who was Mr. Brooke’s father-in-law, condoning the eccentricity of the proceeding probably because of its success.

Many of his hearers, as is the fashion in the North, professed to be judges in the case of a sermon, both as to the matter, and especially the *deleevery*, coming to church more to criticize than to be instructed—

“As if religion were intended,
For nothing else than to be mended.”

The psalmody here was of the most fearful description, loud and sonorous, and all through the nose—

“In nasal sweetness long drawn out;”

yet each minstrel looking as if well satisfied with the success of his or her own performance. Mr. Brooke is now Rector of Maralin, Precentor of Dromore, and Rural Dean of the diocese.

In Christchurch, Belfast, Dr. Thomas Drewe ministered for many years to an immense congregation of fully two thousand souls. The church had

been built chiefly for operatives, and they took good advantage of it. Drewe was a truly pious minister ; he had a touch of the Methodist in his manner ; he was a man of originality, and considerable culture, and he had need of both, for his hearers were shrewd, hard-headed, and intelligent. His loving eloquence, his kindly manner, and his strong Protestantism made him wonderfully popular ; he went among his people cordially, and won all their hearts, especially those of the mothers and the children ; he was great in the Sunday school, and pleasant on the platform. I have preached in his church, and tarried in his parsonage, and have seen cartloads of vegetables and other edibles—the good man had a large young family—driven to his door, gifts from his people ; for these Belfastians are grand givers, and their bright and handsome town, where no man is idle and no pauper demands an alms, is but the reflex of that noble and industrious spirit, which accompanies her sons in their walk of life and labour, and crowns so many of them with wealth, independence, and position.

The Rev. George Sydney Smith, Fellow of Trinity College Dublin, a Professor of Biblical Greek in that University, “went out,” as the saying is, on a College living in 1838. The benefice was Aghalurcher, near Colebrooke, in the county of Fermanagh.

Fermanagh is a splendid country, both for the

beauty of its scenery and the prosperity of its people.¹ It is full of opulent gentry, always resident, with a yeomanry essentially Protestant, well to do and peaceable, and as independent as their landlords. There is no pauper peasantry in this country. Here Dr. Smith laboured with singular success. He was a ripe scholar, but his preaching was more scriptural than scholastic, yet it had the order and arrangement of accurate preparation. He had a noble collection of Puritan Divines in his library, and had adopted from them much of his exegetical power in the handling or the illustrating of a text. The last sermon I heard him preach was in my Kingstown church—most admirable—on the text “He saved others, himself He cannot save.” It has never left my memory. He died in the year 1875, after having wrought much good.

About 1830 the present Dean of Exeter, the Very Rev. Archibald Boyd, was ministering in the city of Derry, of which I believe he was a native. He was a natural orator, and always a striking preacher and speaker, the reasoning power combining with the imaginative in his mind—two elements of intellect seldom seen together, or rather, resembling the figures in a Dutch toy weatherglass, resisting the being housed at the same time. He was a warm friend and a strong help to the Church Missionary

¹ See Mr. Inglis's *Tour in Ireland*—verily an impartial witness !

Society, and had learned its statistics well and accurately, and in its cause I first heard him speak in Letterkenny, as I listened to him in his own church in London many years afterwards. In Derry diocese also lived and ministered the Rev. George Scott—a patriarch in the Irish Church, of long and eminent consistency as an active and consistent Evangelical clergyman.

In my occasional visits to Fermanagh I can recall a pleasant day I spent with the Dean of Clogher and his charming and gifted family. He was a Maude, and was uncle to those gallant young men who fought so gloriously during the Crimean campaign, and earned to themselves such a reputation for courage and for conduct. They were the sons of the Honourable Charles Maude, rector of Enniskillen. With the Dean I visited the splendid and stately house which was once the palace of the Bishops of Clogher, but no longer tenanted by an episcopal personage, but by a kind and most agreeable squire, Mr. Ellison Macartney, M.P. The Dean has long since passed away. A gentler spirit, or a more courteous and graceful gentleman, could not be found, and a true preacher of the Gospel.

In the next county, of Monaghan, a valued friend of mine ministered, whose death-scene I afterwards had the pain of witnessing. The Rev. William Roper was son to the Dean of Clonmacnoise. He

was a ripe and active Christian, and wore an exceedingly attractive appearance—a countenance so winning that as his tall figure advanced up the aisle of my church, half a dozen pew-doors were flung open to invite him in. A very old friend of his told me but yesterday how “angelic his temper was,” and how he never “neglected an opportunity of speaking for his Master;” yet it pleased God to take him from this world by a fearful death. He was stricken with cholera at Kingstown, and I saw him a few hours before he died, enduring untold-of pain from spasmodic twistings of his limbs, and cramps over his whole frame: thus he was cut off in early manhood and in much usefulness—one of the first victims to that terrible plague which visited us at Kingstown in 1849.

In the same county, as curate of Castle Blayney, lived John Whitestone, a minister of no ordinary calibre. He had married a sister of Roper’s, but he had not his brother-in-law’s attractive appearance; yet his death was nearly as tragical as Roper’s was, though unaccompanied by suffering. He had been speaking on the Rotundo platform in Dublin, in behalf of some of the religious societies, before a crowded auditory, when suddenly his strong form stooped forward and fell prone, and in a minute became lifeless. He had been cast down by heart disease—in many cases grim Death’s most rapid and ready executioner. He had been speaking excitedly,

it was scarce in his nature to do otherwise; his heart was ever in his work, and in his speech also; it was a power with him, and he used it for good.

I remember one occasion when Whitestone's excitability developed itself in a very ludicrous form. At one of our April meetings, when the clergy were gathered in the old lecture-room of the Dublin Institution, sat Frederick F. Trench, a steady, grave and consistent supporter of the National Education Board. Unconscious of his vicinity, up rose immediately behind him on the sloping benches, John Whitestone and proceeded with much vehemence to declaim against this very Board. As he went on he warmed with his subject, and became excited, till, forgetting everything in his impetuosity, he commenced using Trench's shoulders as a desk, slapping them repeatedly, and finally seizing and shaking them in the enforcement of some strong point, to the amusement of us all, and of none more than the suffering party himself, who was in a fit of suppressed laughter under the infliction all the time.

The county of Cavan exhibited a goodly roll of working clergy for many years. The Farnham family, always resident, used their high influence for good, and for the increase of the Church; and numerous conversions took place from Romanism during their time. The present Primate, then the

Rev. Mark Beresford, was considered to be an able preacher and sound Protestant. Frank Saunderson, the county member's brother, was Rector of Kildallen, a good scholar, a gentleman, and a true Evangelical Christian. The Rev. G. Moffett was his neighbour, and like-minded; while Guy L'Estrange, the gentle and the good, was Vicar of Drumlane, near Belturbet, a man of a nature and spirit so winning and so attractive, as to make him universally loved by high and low, while this popularity was consolidated by the circumstance of his being recognised as a hard-working, and very successful parish minister, as well as a sound and earnest preacher.

Shortly afterwards John Martin, ex-Fellow of Trinity College Dublin, a noble pillar in the Irish Church for learning, for action, and for intrepidity, was to assume the Archdeaconry of Kilmore, and become Rector of Killeshandra.

I was led to know a good deal of the county of Meath by my wife's uncle becoming Bishop of the diocese. The Rev. Edward Adderley Stopford, Archdeacon of Armagh, was of a noble family. His father was son to the Bishop of Cloyne,¹ who had married his own first cousin Anne, daughter of

¹ The Bishop, James Stopford, was "a modest and learned gentleman," and he and his wife, "sly Nancy of Courtown," are immortalized in Dean Swift's verses more than once. The Bishop's aunt, Dorothy Stopford, who was wife and widow to Edward, fourth Earl of Meath, was a friend of the Dean's also, and is mentioned in his rhymes as "Countess Doll" several times.

James Stopford, first Earl of Courtown. But Edward Stopford owed his preferment to no influence of position, nor to any interest whatsoever exerted on his behalf, but simply to his being known as a most learned ecclesiastical lawyer, and well suited to manage Church affairs in her Majesty's Privy Council; and this estimate of him he afterwards fully justified, by his wise diligence in the breaking up of many of the large parish unions still remaining in the Irish Church; to this he directed much of his attention as a Privy Councillor. He had before this proved himself a good and sound divine by his book *On the Sabbath*, a work too good to be so little known, yet valued and read by not a few. He was a pleasant and agreeable companion, fond of wit and of literature, though not having time to cultivate the latter. At his house of Ardbraccan I twice met Miss Maria Edgeworth, the novelist, my father's and my grandfather's friend, and here too I had met his clergy, the most remarkable of whom was Edward A. Stopford, his second son, and the Archdeacon of the diocese. He indeed was no common man; possessing an intellect keen even to subtilty, and capable of meeting and solving almost any intellectual difficulty, he yet exhibited in his manner and address the kindness and simplicity of a Christian gentleman, and was ever accessible for counsel, support, or help, to every clergyman of his father's

large diocese. Like the Bishop, deeply read in black-letter lore and Church law, he was on these matters an oracle to the Church, only, unlike that of Delphi, he never returned doubtful answers.

"Inscius-spargere voces ambiguas."

He had, above any man I ever met, the power of putting much matter into small space, and that clearly and intelligently; he was singularly happy in meeting and conquering infidelity in individual cases. He was a gentle but most powerful controversialist, and his papers on Romish error in *The Catholic Layman*, as I have said before, are as masterly as they are incontrovertible.

Added to these qualities, he was a good mechanic, he could make anything out of wood or iron; had built steam-carriages, and bound his own folios in a workman-like fashion, which a London bookseller would not disown.

I knew him well for forty years, and knew him best and loved him most, when I was permitted to minister to him as a dying man; then it was he realized the humbling convictions, yet exalting comforts, of that gospel he had ever preached. He said, "The 51st Psalm is my *vade mecum*," and he died with a meek faith in a loving and redeeming Saviour.

In Meath there had been a body of excellent clergymen, some still living, among whom is my

valued friend and fellow-student in old Trinity, Robert Hedges Dunne, one whose long consistency, in a sound Christian course, has been as steadfast as his own stalwart form and stout heart. There is also John F. Battersby, whose living is near Mullingar, a man who often taught my people from my Kingstown pulpit; Dr. Walshe, one whose physical and professional vigour seem to grow with his advance of years; and others whom I knew less but equally esteemed.

Among those whom we all had to grieve for, was the late John Lever, Rector of Tullamore. He was brother to Charles Lever—the Lorrequer of light literature, and had much of the fraternal genius—short in stature, and ruddy in complexion like King David, he had quick sparkling eyes, and a protruding forehead actually knobbed with bumps of intellectuality. Like his brother, whom I also knew well, he was animated in manner and rapid in speech; he was, as a preacher, thoughtfully Evangelical, using no manuscript or note, and his discourses were solid, grave, and teaching, and such as one would not expect to hear from one so particularly lively in manner. Joseph Daly, Rector of Ferbane, was a remarkable minister; he has been greeted at the clerical meetings, when the clergy sat together over their Bibles, as the “Diocesan Concordance,”—a Latin Father has said, *Bonus textuarius, bonus theologus*, and this could

well apply to Daly, for his extemporary sermons were full of Scripture, not only accurately quoted, but also the chapter and verse faithfully rendered, a wonderful act of a powerful abstract memory. One more I must speak of—a loved friend, the Rev. Charles Bayly, who died as Vicar of Trim; he was a singularly popular man with clergy as well as laity, and perhaps had more culture and reading than most Evangelical ministers—the weak point in the body being, more or less, an inclination to ignore literature and despise art, forgetting that these are the good Lord’s gifts to refine and adorn our poor fallen nature, and, like his common bestowments of music and of sunlight, to refresh and cheer us in our pilgrimage along the wastes of life.

Nor must I forget my dear friend and kinsman, the Rev. Coote Charles Mulloy, who for many years ministered in Meath. Esteemed a good clergyman, possessing a most accomplished mind, and a spirit much like the blessed St. John’s for gentleness and forethought; and yet this person, perhaps the meekest man in the diocese, when historically considered presents a curious anomaly. For he is the representative of the O’Mulloy chieftaincy, one of the oldest, if not the oldest, Milesian families in Ireland. He is also “Standard-bearer to the King” in Ireland, by royal appointment of an ancestor in 1690. His ancient Celtic motto (which the good man has suppressed) breathes of rapine

and slaughter, and he can look back along his line of 1,200 years, to a pedigree of fighting warriors. Yet this gentlest of men and of ministers has been all his life preaching nothing but the gospel of peace and of love, and exemplifying the same in his person, his parish, and his household. Mr. Mulloy married the eldest daughter of Dr. Stopford, Bishop of Meath; another daughter, a most intellectual and accomplished lady, is the wife of Richard Nugent,¹ Esq., of London. Mrs. Nugent, when Miss Stopford, exerted herself during the Irish famine in 1845, and was eulogized for the same by name in an eloquent speech made by Lord George Bentinck in the House of Commons. These Mulloys appear to have been good Protestants, and to have fought stoutly and loyally for England in the day of her distress. Tobias Mulloy was captain of horse under King William at the Boyne Water in 1690; afterwards he was four times High Sheriff of Roscommon. His son Charles served in King William's wars, and was wounded at the Battle of Vigo. Both these men were immediate ancestors of Coote Mulloy. Here is a curious example of a very ancient and high Celtic house becoming and *remaining* strong and faithful Protestants and loyalists.

¹ Mr. Nugent is the well-known Honorary Secretary, in London, to the "Irish Church Sustentation Fund," in the cause of which his labours are as indefatigable as they have proved to be valuable and efficient.

CHAPTER XII.

I HAD proposed, in this little work, to have spoken of some leading facts which are more or less interwoven in the history of our Irish Church, but I fear I must omit them, save a bare mention, "my poverty (of space) and not my will consents" to do so. For example, I should like to have brought to the front, the formation and success of the Achill Mission and Colony, and the honoured and venerable servant and true soldier of Christ, the Rev. Edward Nangle, who through so many dangers and difficulties, planted that great Protestant tree amidst the rocks and mountains of the wild West, and by the grace of God sheltered it and nourished it, till it brought forth fruit in consonance to his prayers and his purposes, and to the good of his fellow-creatures.

I wished also to speak of the setting-up of the "Irish Church Missions" to the Roman Catholics in the year 1846, by the Rev. Alexander Dallas, Rector of Wonston, in Hampshire. Shakespeare tells us of—

"Richard who robbed the lion of his heart;"

but this English clergyman had, as it were, also taken to himself the large Irish heart, exhibited in an overflow of kindest nature, while he still stood forth always as the perfect English gentleman, resolute, manly, and wise; one of wonderful faith and devotion to his Master's service. He had good help from the late Bishop Plunket, the Rev. Hyacinth D'Arcy, and from the late Sir Christopher Lighton, a man full of love, honesty, and zeal; and the work still is carried on with unflagging ardour, by Charles Macarthy, D.D., in Dublin, a learned man, and of laborious and infinite research, and a skilled and good-tempered controversialist; as well as by numerous agents elsewhere; the gentler sex assisting in this good Mission with their wonted fervour and activity, and the names of Mrs. Blake, Mrs. D'Arcy, Mrs. Smyly, and Miss Davies, must ever be mentioned with the honour of a grateful enthusiasm.

I desired also to speak of the great famine in 1845, when the national esculent was blasted, and the potato-fields reeked for hundreds of acres with the foul breath of decay, and thousands of our peasantry retired to their hovels and their huts—to die. Not, as Mr. Henry Kingsley would make it out, noisily and complainingly, *but utterly the reverse*, “like the wolf in silence;” when all hope was gone, and no food came, each husband or father drew the bolt on the door which shut him out from the world,

and lay down on the earthen floor to die amidst his dying dear ones. This is a true picture, darkly sad, yet with a touch of forlorn dignity about it, portraying the anomalies, and yet the interest, attached to the Irish character.

In Curry, the bookseller's shop in Sackville Street, about the year 182—, was forged the first link of a chain of *Christian Examiners*, a Church of Ireland magazine, which I believe is but very lately deceased, its life having been sustained during its latter years by the liberality of Bishop Daly. It contained much learning, scriptural criticism, doctrinal discussion, ecclesiastical information, and clever articles on Irish travels and nationalities. The tone of this periodical was ever evangelical and conservative; its papers were from the pens of the Rev. Dr. Singer, Rev. Robert Daly, Rev. Henry Woodward, Rector of Fethard, an accomplished writer; Rev. Henry Irwin, Archdeacon of Emly, and his son Alexander, Rector of Armagh; Rev. Joseph Stopford, D.D., a profound Hebraist and Philo-Judæan, *cum multis aliis*. The papers on Irish travel, &c., were from the graphic and spicy pen of the Rev. Cæsar Otway, a man of truest genius and worth. There was also a “Poet's Corner” in this periodical, in which figured some very indifferent poetry, part of it contributed to the earlier numbers by the pen which writes these lines.

Of Mr. Otway I could not but say something.

Sprung from a race high in position in Tipperary, he was a thorough Irishman, original as a preacher, brilliant and witty as a writer, and with graphic powers of the very first order ; he held on his modest course through life valued and respected ; and though Church promotion failed to knock at his door, his popularity as a man and an author was unbounded. He was author of *Sketches in Ireland*, *A Tour in Connaught*, and many historical papers of research and interest.

In Curry's shop was also born, cradled, and nursed, *The Dublin University Magazine*, a periodical always devoted to the Church of Ireland. Its first editor was Anthony Poplar, *alias* the Rev. Charles Stuart Stanford, of whom mention has been made. Some of its succeeding managers—for it had many nurses—were, I am told, Isaac Butt, succeeded by Charles Lever the novelist ; Percy Boyd ; James McGlashan, the publisher, who edited it for some time with much judgment ; Cheyne Brady, a nephew of Lord Chancellor Brady ; then Joseph Sheridan Lefanu, the novelist ; after which, on my going to live in England, I lost sight of the good vessel itself, and of course of the skippers who held its helm. Yet I hear on all sides it is doing admirably, and selling well. Some of the original contributors were as follows :—Digby Pilot Starkey, who wrote under the name of "Advena" ; John Francis Waller, *facile princeps* in prose or poetry ;

Joseph Sheridan Lefanu, now curdling our blood with the horrors of "The Watcher," and now delighting us with the fun and humour of "James Sullivan in the Great Snow," the most inimitable Irish tale in the wide world. Then there was Lover, songster, raconteur and humorist ; Dr. Anster, the translator of Goethe's *Faust* ; Rev. James Wills ; Professor Hamilton, the astronomer ; William Carleton, author of *Traits and Stories of Irish Life* ; Dr. Maginn of Cork, a sparkling gem of talent, some time editor of *Fraser's Magazine* ; Dr. William Stokes, Dublin's great physician ; Rev. William Alexander, now Bishop of Derry, and his gifted lady ; Frederick Mant, R.N. ; Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, Mr. Horace Townshend, Miss Nina Cole, Mortimer Collins, Dr. Henry Maunsell, Miss Broughton. Mr. Stopford Brooke (my eldest son), contributed reviews, essays, and a few lyrics ; and Sir Emerson Tennant "Ceylon and the Cingalese ;" the Rev. William West, late Rector of Delgany, "Oriental Travels ;" the Rev. George Brittain, "Tales of Irish Life ;" Percy Boyd, sundry papers on the "German Burschen ;" Mr. G. P. James, the prolific English novelist, Tales ; Clarence Mangan, poet and linguist, was the author of the "Anthologia Germanica and Hibernica," a protracted chain of masterly translations. Some wild, opium-eating genius, from the "Northe Countrie," and Belfast, sent in papers peppered

all through with mad eccentric talent, under the name of "Coul Goppagh"; Mr. Calcraft gave us interesting and exhaustive memoirs of the "Theatre and its Children;" then Charles Lever published novel after novel *in extenso* in the magazine; Mr. Jukes many scientific papers; the Rev. John Heard, of London, contributed some admirable essays. The late Sir William Wilde was a writer for *The University*, along with two great Irishmen, Dr. Petrie, whose "Round Towers" are widely known; and Dr. Samuel Ferguson, the author of "The Forging of the Anchor," a rare poem for merit, beauty, and power, and likewise the narrator in the pages of the magazine of "The Hibernian Nights' Entertainments," in which Mr. Ferguson himself, an Irish scholar, exhibits all through the genuine spirit and flavour of Celticism in a peculiar degree.

A large number of the fullest and soberest articles—religious and political—were written from time to time for the magazine by the O'Sullivan brothers, both converts from Romanism. Sam, as a writer, was a little prosy, but accurate and emphatic. Murtagh, or Mortimer, the younger brother, was a brilliant creature, and a great orator on platform or in pulpit, besides an accomplished *littérateur*. When a young man he contributed to the magazine rather a striking novel, *The Nevilles of Garretstown*, in which he describes with power, how society

in Ireland in every rank, was crippled and depressed before the abolition of the infamous Penal Laws. Professor Butt also is said to have been guilty of a like enormity in his juvenile days, namely, writing a novel!—it was entitled *The Gap of Barnesmore*,¹ but in this I may possibly be in error. At that time Mr. Butt was a Conservative, and so eloquent in the cause, that O'Connell, who dreaded the shock of his encounter in the oratorical lists, spoke of him with a coarse pun upon his name as "that ferocious Bell-wether Butt."

I think I have given an accurate list of the contributors to the *Dublin University Magazine*, as far as I know of them. Doubtless many eminent names have been omitted, simply through ignorance, and not from any want of attention or respect on my part; and one more humble name I may append to the catalogue of contributors—it is that of him who writes these lines.

I feel I ought not to close this book of "Recollections" without a direct mention of the good understanding which I ever found to exist between our brethren in England and ourselves.

For many years I was in the habit of going there to plead the cause of some of our Societies. On such occasions I had always a good colleague with

¹ Barnesmore is a wild defile through the Donegal mountains, in the neighbourhood of the parish held by Mr. Butt's father. In this defile Mous. Rapin is said to have written most of his *History of England*.

me, and often a most gifted one—witness the Rev. John Nash Griffin, a powerful platform speaker ; and, from his finished style, suiting an English auditory well. Then again I had the Rev. John W. Hacket, a fluent speaker and most pleasant companion ; and the Rev. John Gregg, now Bishop of Cork, of whom I need say nothing, but leave him to fame.

I visited many pulpits and parsonages, and sat at many a good man's feast during this time, traversing England from Kendal down to Southampton, and bisecting it from Shrewsbury to Cromer ; and in the midst of these "journeyings oft" I can truly say, that I met with universal kindness, hospitality, and affectionate attention from my brethren of the English Church, with the exception of two cases—one I shall not recount ; there had been a mistake, and he who made it is now entered into his rest, and was sorry for it when alive. The second was of a ludicrous nature, and was quickly rectified.

These English parsonages present, almost without exception, a picture of high domestic beauty. There is the order and the preciseness, the attention to hours, the bright, plain furniture, the early bed-going, the primness of manner, the subdued talk of the inmates on worldly matters, the frequent converse on diocesan, parish, and school affairs ; some perhaps, it may be, like Alfred Tennyson's "Parson Holmes,"

"Now harping on the Church commissioners,
Now hawking at geology and schism ;"

then the regular family worship—very solemn, though perhaps a little formal ; the welcome of the *Guardian* or *Record* papers at postal hours ; then the good man's Quaker-like study, peopled with divinity books on modest shelves, while beneath are ranged battalions of cheap Bibles and Prayer-books, with probably an engraving of his Bishop over the mantelpiece, and a pile of pamphlets on the table—and peace, harmony, and unity of feeling pervading the household, and creating and sustaining the atmosphere and spirit of the dwelling. I have seen many English clergymen's houses presenting features such as these, but my mind fondly turns to two in particular.

One of these was in the north—the quiet homestead of a middle-aged bachelor, delicate and refined in body as in mind, a scholar and a gentleman, eminently holy, a passionate musician, and even this taste wholly given to God and to His service. I felt almost that I took with me, from his house to his pulpit, a savour of spiritual gentleness and peace, which was increased by the lovely hymnal singing, and made my preaching—to myself at least—most comforting.

The other Rectory was far south, in the diocese of Salisbury. I had preached twice on the Sunday, in the morning and afternoon, and arrived at this place at six o'clock in the evening, and found the family at tea—a charming group, full of gentleness,

simple goodness, and love that seeketh not its own. The father the thorough pastor—a gentle Englishman, manly, sensible, and earnest. Here, too, I felt the atmosphere as if impregnated with goodness, and the presence of the Holy Spirit seemed to follow and abide with us, as we passed from the parsonage to the church in which I was to preach.

My next visit presented a contrast. It was to the Vicarage of a good man, but a Calvinist of the strictest school. He had a wife—a gentle lady, who sat at the feet of this stern Gamaliel, and for the love she bore him endorsed all his dogmas. Here were no books but God's book, and a few tracts and reports; the walls showed no prints, the garden few flowers; all literature was forbidden, all music restricted to what is called sacred; conversation was in abeyance. Our dear good host enacted "Sir Oracle" at every meal, and the circle of permitted subjects being so small, there was no room for any discussion *de omnibus rebus*. I recollect the first night unhappily quoting Shakespeare—

"To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,"
&c. &c.

and being sternly called up by my friend, who declaimed against the lines and their author, whom he stigmatised as "a papist, a poacher, and, worst of all, a play-actor." Davie Deans could not have pronounced a more bitter adjuration than he did,

yet he was a truly pious and hard-working minister, a striking preacher, and much regarded by his flock.

On one occasion after this, in London, I dined at Islington with the Vicar, preparatory to a great meeting in his school-house, where, in company with my old friend and countryman, the Rev. John White, I was to plead the cause of the "Irish Society," which did its gospel work through the sole instrumentality of the Irish Bible, as I have stated before.

There was a romance about this Society which made its advocacy very pleasant and peculiar—lifting one above mere money statements, or cold statistics. It had associations with picturesque people, and wild, romantic scenery—the lofty mountains, the garlanded rocks and blue lakes of Kerry, and the dusky highlands and wave-washed sea-cliffs of grand old Donegal. In no one place in England have I, and the Irish cause which made me welcome, ever met with a kinder, a more courteous, or a more generous reception than from the clergy of Islington and their flocks.

Shortly after this occurrence, while pleading on behalf of this same Society, I had a very different welcome from a body of my own countrymen. My address was given in the large school-room appertaining to Bermondsey Church, which is just under London Bridge. I think the parish is St. Olave's.

I was staying with a friend at a villa at Sydenham before the Crystal Palace was built. It was winter; and in the evening my friend, his wife, and I, drove into London in his close carriage, to which were attached *two large and handsome lamps, with bright burners*. We were courteously received by the Rev. Mr. Le Breton, the incumbent of the parish, who introduced me to the meeting. There were many in the room, and at the end of my address I spoke of the great persecution the converts had endured, especially from the Romish priests. I may have spoken strongly, but *certainly* not bitterly. Some disturbance then took place at the end of the long room where it was badly lighted, evincing signs of disapprobation. Now this was caused by a number of Irishmen—navvies from a neighbouring railroad—who had seen the placards, and had come, expecting to hear something about Ireland. These men were much displeased with my remarks, and remained in a body at the door, intending “to have a word with me,” as they told my friend, who went to look for his carriage; and, as usual, there was no policeman near. There was now nothing for it but a *coup de main*. “Take your wife on your arm,” I said, “and walk quietly to your carriage, but leave me that long blue cloak of yours with the high collar.” This I quickly donned, covering my face well up; and as my friends’ retreating figures passed out into the street,

I strode after them down the school-room rapidly, and rolling from side to side, as if determining to jostle all opposers, and thus I “shouldered through the swarm,” and gained the door, and leaped into the carriage. The coachman at once set off with his eager horses, followed by a yell, which only made him go the faster. I think a few stones were thrown; and we were all very thankful to God that nothing hurtful to any one had occurred, and very much amused when, on getting into the country, our driver, an Englishman, stopped his horses, and turned his head to the carriage-window, as if anxious to speak. His master let down the glass: “Well, Thomas, what’s the matter?”—“I say, sir, don’t you think *our new lamps* had a fine escape?”

The case I have alluded to above as “ludicrous” eventuated happily. It was in the east of England—town large—church magnificent—rector absent. The curate, a mere boy, received me at the parsonage, sitting up in the Rector’s arm-chair like a Roman ædile, and waved his hand that I should sit down, when the following dialogue took place.

Curate (condescendingly): “Ha—you are from Ireland?”

Myself: “Yes; I reside there.”

Curate: “Any new murders there?”

Myself: “None in my neighbourhood.”

Curate: "I have never been there. I am told it is unsafe to travel in any part of it by night."

Myself: "I have never found it so."

Curate: "I knew some Irishmen at Cambridge, and they were monstrous wild fellows."

Myself: "Probable enough. I too have met wild men—countrymen of yours."

Curate: "Oh, but we are particularly kind to clergymen of your Church who come here, like you, on deputation."

Myself: "In the name of the whole united Irish Church I thank you!"

Curate: "For example; when at Exeter Hall we hear a man getting through his speech so fast that we cannot follow him, vociferating at one time and whispering the next minute, giving us fancy and tropes for facts and statistics, we regard such a speaker with pity, and say, 'Oh, he is only a poor Irishman.'"

Myself: "Thank you for your pity. You know the poet says 'it is akin to love.' We too in Ireland are very kind to your countrymen on the platform, and when we see an awkward person trying to speak—humming and hawing, and telling dull anecdotes so *movingly* that half the auditory leave the room, and the rest go to sleep—we regard the speaker with pity, and cry, 'Oh, he is only a poor Englishman.'"

He could not help smiling at this, and this little

skirmish having broken up the ice, we both acknowledged to having been unwarrantably critical to each other's country and its oratory; and eventually I found Mr. —— to be a pleasant companion, and a very hearty and useful coadjutor in the good work which brought me into his parish.

CHAPTER XIII.

ON reading what I have written, it seems to me that I have laid myself open to the charge of assuming an unbefitting censorship over so many of my departed brethren, whose characters and attainments I have essayed to sketch in these pages; and I recollect with what feelings of dislike I have always regarded the Shakespeare annotations of the great Samuel Johnson, as at the end of each play, he trots it out, comedy or tragedy, as it may be, and affixes to it a brief critique, laudatory or condemnatory, and in general—to say the truth—most inapt; as if the worthy Doctor's *ipse dixit* was to sway and regulate the wide world of all opinion; but in the present case I have spoken not only my own thoughts concerning these good men,

“For here I am to speak what I do know,”

but likewise the accordant judgment of the Church of Ireland, or that portion of it, which knew them either personally, or from the hearsay of judicious tradition.

Then again, I have used little censure—possibly

too much eulogium; for surely it is a pleasanter task, and more congenial to an old man, to be

“*Laudator temporis acti,*”

than to endeavour to concur with Mark Antony when he says—

“The evil which men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones,”

which is not in harmony with truth or fact, and is absolutely opposed to the more heavenly statement of the Bible—“Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for they rest from their labours, *and their works do follow them.*”

In bringing these Recollections towards a close, I am free to confess that they are somewhat light and sketchy; still, I must claim for them some weight, as being consolidated by truth, and an honest desire to revive what was lovable and good, for the comfort of survivors, and for the example and benefit of all. For what says the Apostle, “Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, if there be any praise, think on these things.”

I should desire to make a few remarks to illustrate what goes before. Matters are now managed in a different way from what they were at an

earlier period. There is now no longer any outcry from the Episcopal Bench against Calvinism, which was the nickname for the preaching of the gospel. Our Bishops are now, all, more or less, professors of Evangelical truth, and some of them highly-gifted orators. Amidst the rush of opinions, blowing like adverse winds from every side, a more liberal and tolerant atmosphere has settled down and filled the aisles of our churches, and men are willing to believe that good may be found among other parties than their own, and that God may be served and His cause advanced by Churchmen of every name, Low, and Broad, and High, as well as by Dissenters of every orthodox persuasion.

Some years ago, in the South of Ireland, a learned and witty Bishop was heard to say, "I find it hard to manage two parties among my clergy—the one is eternally crying up salvation by good works and—doing nothing; the other is equally assiduous in proclaiming salvation without works, and always—doing too much."

The *juste milieu* is perhaps what my old Donegal rector described as what he would prefer to find in a curate, "something between a practical Calvinist and a spiritual Arminian."

The crusade against what are wrongly called extempore sermons has also passed away; at all events, such discourses are the genuine article, not taken from books, or read—as in some cases—from

purchased pamphlets. For at my quiet Rectory in Huntingdonshire, during the last ten years, I have received from time to time letters from London, offering me lithographed sermons at 2s. and 3s. each, and "perfect secrecy observed;" and though I did not take advantage of the offer, yet I am told that a brisk trade is being driven in this delicate matter, and no doubt many awkwardnesses are the result of clergymen making use of the smuggled article—or the same sermon. Hear a story somewhat to the point:—"The Right Rev. Dr. Doyle, Roman Catholic Bishop of Leighlin and Kildare, circiter 1832, a clever and erudite prelate,—once heard, in his own church at Carlow, a young priest deliver, in an affected and stilted manner, a sermon which the Bishop had often read before and admired—in print. When the service was over, and the parties met in the vestry-room, the preacher said, "I humbly trust that your Lordship approved of and liked my discourse."—"Yes," answered the Bishop, "I liked the discourse very much, but I did not like *you*."—"Oh dear, my Lord, why?"—"Because, sir, you broke two of God's commandments in that pulpit, for you *stole* your whole sermon from Bourdaloue, and then *murdered* it in the delivery."

I am half afraid that the high estimation in which Protestantism is held in these pages may be distasteful to a small party in the sister country.

If this be the case, I am sorry for it; but I make no apology for my just laudation of what is but another word for our glorious Reformed faith.

As Iago was "nothing if not critical," so an Irish churchman is worse than nothing—whatever that may be—if not a sound-at-heart Protestant. His being so involves two of the gravest principles which should actuate him as a Christian, and as a subject. As the former, he must cleave to his Bible, which the ultramontane party in this country virtually ignore; and as the latter, he must be loyal to his sovereign and her government. The Protestants of Ireland are indeed an essentially loyal body, and patient of much obloquy and misrepresentation, which they receive at all times from the radical press of England, which never fails, in case of an unhappy *row*, to lay all the blame upon their shoulders, while they exonerate their rivals, reminding us of the line—

"Dat veniam corvis vexat censura columbas."

How different are the views of a sensible German. Baron Stockmar, writing to Prince Albert, August 1852, says: "That the priests in the Irish elections have gone all lengths is a lesson your Royal Highness ought never to forget. So it was of old, and so it will continue to be as long as there is a Pope. The worst point in the attitude of Protestantism towards Romanism is,

that it cannot venture to be tolerant. Romanism, which denounces and excludes every other creed, and never surrenders the smallest tittle of its infallibility, forces Protestantism, for toleration's sake, into acts which are occasionally intolerant in fact, but more commonly have only the semblance of being so. The very resolution of the Protestants to resist, in defence of their own creed, the pretensions of Roman Catholicism, of itself places them on a downward slope, on which, in carrying out their practical measures, they descend rapidly into intolerance. There is no help for this, *and it is not Protestantism, but Catholicism which is to blame.*" —From *Life of Prince Consort*, by T. MARTIN, Esq., Vol. ii., p. 455.

Lest I should seem to overstate the depreciatory tone used by a few of our English friends towards Protestantism, I would refer the reader to the report of a sermon preached on Whitsunday 1876, at St. Olave's Church, Exeter, and quoted with apparent approbation in the London *Church Times* of June 16th ultimo, in which the preacher, taking for his text, "Others mocking," recounts a catalogue of such Protestants as appear in the Bible,—the first whereof was Satan, who was cast out of heaven for asserting the right of private judgment; Cain, the fratricide, is the second Protestant; then the antediluvians who protested against Noah—and so on, to the crucifiers of our Lord! throughout equally

complimentary ! And all this wicked twaddle was preached by an Englishman, and apparently unrebuked by his Liberal Bishop !

Our Church in Ireland, I do think, has not anything to fear on the score of Ritualism. That the long dark wave which, setting in from Oxford, has passed over England, sweeping so many into Rome—that this wave should reach and shock our shores, it may not be denied ; but our Church has not been shaken by it, and never will. The Romish apostasy stands up too much in the blaze of its own exposure, and all the miseries resulting from its teachings, moral, social, and domestic, are too plainly to be recognised, as deteriorating and keeping back among the nations, the most naturally noble and quick-witted people on the face of the whole earth. All these things being so patent and familiar to our daily sight and apprehension, make us recusant of this poor copy called Ritualism, and distrustful of the men who would bring it among us. For, as it was by a late Irish Bishop wittily observed, “what need have we of the counterfeit, when we have the real thing ?”

And here I may observe, that neither I nor any of my immediate family are Orangemen. I pray that God may give that institution His blessing, and a spirit of discretion, and moderation, and of love towards those who oppose it. For I value it much, and some of the best, the most honest, and the

noblest men I ever knew, were members of the institution from youth till death.

I have often heard it said, that it is utterly unchristian and wrong to say a hard word of the Roman Catholic system, seeing that it is held by so many millions of our fellow-countrymen in the world. But apply this argument to ancient heathenism as it once was, or to Islamism or Buddhism as they now are, and it is manifest it will not hold water. Numbers may indicate physical strength, but it is absurd to say that they represent either moral worth or mental power. This was one of the silly arguments brought against the minority of the members of our Church in the Spoliation debate of 1869. The Liberals have taken the Irish Roman Catholic Church under their wing, partly through policy, partly through an erroneous sentimentalism, and it is to be feared that the companionship will yet work them trouble. The past generation of British minds had clearer views. Let us see what opinion was entertained of the system by two of our greatest of Englishmen. Lord Chatham, writing to Bishop Warburton, thus speaks of Romanism :—

“Rank idolatry, a subversion of all civil and religious liberty, and the utter disgrace of reason and of human nature.”

The Bishop in an equally characteristic manner gives his opinion :—

“I have always regarded Popery rather as an

impious and impudent combination against the sense and rights of mankind, than a species of religion."

What are commonly known as Broad Church doctrines are much more likely to become popular with the Church in Ireland. The sermons of Frederick W. Robertson, full of originality and eloquence, and lit up with devotional fire, are cognate with the Irish mind; and Dean Stanley's clear mode of imparting information has the same popularity here as it has everywhere; for the theological omissions and eccentricities of both these accomplished writers are almost forgiven by many, because of the sparkle of genius which illumines their works, and shines over the waste places of their lucubrations, and thus many a reader may say, with the old Roman, "*Ne paucis*," &c., which I shall venture to render thus for the benefit of the English reader—

"A few dark spots may pardon find,
So much that's *bright* is left behind."

The fact is, Intellect is the oracle and the idol of the day, and ranks with many before Truth itself, and like the charity of the Bible, it covers a multitude of sins. Set a gifted man to make a speech or write a book, or put a clever orator into a pulpit to deliver a sermon, and each of these individuals will have pardon, from a portion of his readers or his hearers, for any small aberration from truth or

orthodoxy, if it be but accompanied by brilliant imagination or original thought. A little arsenic is swallowed, if only the pill be shapely and well gilded.

Thus gradually Truth is vitiated, and its gold mingled with alloy; and Error, ever aggressive, wedges its way into the chambers of the mind, an uninvited and dangerous guest, but tolerated in a *liberal* spirit, because of the agreeable companions it brings with it.

I do not charge any particular section of my countrymen with these things, but that man must be blind or deaf who does not see what stealthy but sure steps Infidelity is making among the educated classes, and how books antagonistic to Christianity, and men who question the truth of the Bible on the grounds of philosophy, are not only read and tolerated, but admired and admitted to familiarity.

If an officer serving in our army or navy, with that chivalry which undoubtedly belongs to either service, were to sit quietly by while one openly traduced the Sovereign, ignored her royal rights, and questioned the truth of her edicts—what would the world say of such a caitiff, but that he deserved to have the epaulettes torn from his shoulders? But alas, the age of chivalry in the highest sense of the expression is gone, and the life and the royalty of our Heavenly King, His work on earth for sinners, His Word from heaven for all mankind, are slighted

and ignored by hundreds, or misrepresented, without producing more than an occasional burst of indignant dissent from the millions of professing and baptized "good soldiers and servants of Jesus Christ!"

The body of Dissenters who are known by the name of Plymouthites have ever been a danger to the Irish Church; their great attractiveness consists in their having among them many amiable and sincerely devoted servants of God, and this is coupled with a zeal for making proselytes almost Mahometan in its intensity, or rather like them of old who would compass sea and land to fulfil their desire. This body of Christians put forth no creed, they are without clergy, and report says they have little unity of belief among themselves. In their writings their theology is cloudy and confused, they mystify the Scripture and strain its holy simplicity to produce or support their own novelty of interpretation. They regard our Church as the mystical Babylon of the Apocalypse, and many of them will not kneel down and pray with the ministers or members of that Church, be they ever so good or so holy, because they are not of their body, forgetting that in so doing they peril their own right to be recognised as followers of Jesus, since Christ has said, "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another" (St. John xiii. 35). Finally their doctrine and practice of being *exclusive*

is simply opposed to the whole spirit and precepts of Christianity.

Of a very opposite character, and of a truer brotherhood, was one to whom my mind goes back with feelings of veneration and deep respect. I speak of the Rev. Thomas Kelly. *He was a Dissenter, rigid and consistent, but with a Catholic spirit, and a love for all good men.* Sprung from an ancient Celtic chieftaincy, his father, a Judge of high rank, possessing an ample landed estate, a Gold-medallist, and Honour-man in Trinity; a guest and friend of Edmund Burke in London when he thought of going to the bar; afterwards intimate with Robert Hall, of Leicester; then, an episcopally ordained clergyman, and full of talent and Christian zeal, he entered life with a measure of advantages rarely enjoyed by one man. But, without any fault of his, he was compelled to leave the Church by the Diocesan of the day, having been inhibited to minister in any of the churches of Dublin, his Gospel doctrines and extempore preaching being considered as tantamount to Methodism and Dissent. He turned his back with sorrow on the Church, and created a congregation of his own, building more than one chapel from his private means. He was a man of a heavenly spirit, as his Hymns evince. Still holding fast his friendships with his brethren of the Establishment, "he rejoiced in their labours, and sought to strengthen their

hands;" but, resolved in his separation from their Church, he resisted the loving arguments of his friend Peter Roe, and the more than once renewed and cogent remonstrances of the good and holy Archbishop of Tuam, whose letters to him are extant.

I saw him at Kingstown when very old; he would come into my house from time to time, and sit at the piano and sing his own hymns. His voice was almost gone, but his face and manner were ever a sweet hymn to his friends. The last time I met him was at a clerical meeting at his son-in-law's, the Hon. and Rev. William Wingfield, where the old man was staying. His conversation was most edifying—a descant on the wondrous love of God to all mankind, and how we should copy God, and love each other; and then at the close of the meeting he yielded to our united wish, and, kneeling down, he prayed briefly, simply, and fervently, that God would bless and prosper the word and work of us all, for Christ's sake.

And now, ere I finish writing these pages, let me say one word more, in a large way, of the honoured institution, whose ministers I have here striven to reproduce to the notice of my readers.

There exists historical, and incontrovertible proof of the efficiency and influence of our Irish Church during long years. Earl Russell, in his late work, *Recollections*, has called our Church "a scarecrow," and by one or two more names equally graceful and

classical! I shall put the following *facts* in opposition to the Earl's flippant and ignorant epithets. The old Celtic families in this country, whose ancestors were zealous servants of the Pope of Rome, are at this moment, with a very few exceptions, sound Church Protestants.

I shall now name a few:—The O'Neills, represented by Lord O'Neill, a clergyman; the O'Briens, by Lord Inchiquin; the Quins, by the Earl of Dunraven; the Fitz-Patricks, by Lord Castletown of Up-Ossory; the Fitz-Maurices, by the Marquis of Lansdowne; the O'Callaghans, by Viscount Lismore; the Dalys, by Lord Dunsandle and Clanconal; the Plunketts, by Lord Dunsany and the Rev. Lord Plunket; the O'Gradys, by Viscount Guillamore; the Byrnes, by Lord De Tabley. All these nobles are of ancient and undoubted Celtic origin.

Then as regards Commoners: these are of ancient race, and thoroughly and purely Celtic in descent—the Kavanaghs of Borris; the Molloyes of Sligo; the O'Haras of Antrim; the Dunnes of Brittas; the O'Gradys of Limerick; the Kellys, of Castle Kelly; the Mahons and O'Flahertys of Galway; the MacGillcuddys, Mahonys, and O'Donovans of Kerry; the Gildeas, the Dunlevys, the O'Donnells of the West; the renowned Sheridans and O'Reillys of Cavan; the Malones of Westmeath; the Moores, formerly O'More; the Nangles

and Cusacks, *cum multis aliis*. These are all of position and wealth in this country.

Then almost all the great Anglo-Norman families who settled in Ireland, at or after Strongbow's time, and *most of them peculiar followers of the Pope*, viz:—The De Burghs, represented by the Marquis of Clanricarde; the Veseys, by Viscount de Vesci; the De Courcys, by Lord Kingsale; the Fitz-Geralds, by the Duke of Leinster and the Knights of Kerry and Glyn; the St. Lawrences, by the Earl of Howth; the St. Legers, by Viscount Doneraile; the McDonnells, by the Earl of Antrim; the Fitz-Walters or Butlers, by the Marquis of Ormonde, the Earl of Carrick, and Lord Dunboyne, &c.; the Le Poers, by the Marquis of Waterford; the Nugents, by the Earl of Westmeath; and the Talbots, by Lord Talbot de Malahide. I may add, as families formerly ennobled:—The Savages of Portaferry; the Graces of Courtown; the Barrys of Cork; the de Lacys, &c.

The foregoing great families *represent* largely the Church of Ireland, as they do the country in her wealth, her soil, and her education. They are strong in these advantages, though they are but few in number. Is the House of Lords a "scarecrow" because numerically weak?

Some of the old Spanish tribes, also, in Galway are Protestants, such as the D'Arcys, Brownes, Blakes, Ffrenches, Kirwans, Lynches, Martins.

But a Romanist might say the ancestors of these men were driven by the iniquitous Penal Laws of England to renounce their religion, and they became Protestants to save their lives or their estates.

Possibly in some cases this may be true, painfully, iniquitously true; but *now*, since all penalties and compulsory acts are revoked for ever, *why do not the descendants of these men return to their "prisca fides," the old faith of the Church of Rome?*

If such an event were to take place, what a welcome would they not receive, and what a jubilant anthem would be joyfully sung by the united voices of Monsignor Capel, Cardinal Cullen, and the old man Infallible at the Vatican!

Unquestionably it must be granted, that whatever may have been the cause why so very many of the noblest and most eminent families of Ireland left the Church of Rome and became Protestant, the Irish Church, into whose bosom they were received, *has kept them well*, and their steadfast continuance with her is an evidence of their attachment to her faith, her practices, and her formularies.

My task is now done, and I fear most imperfectly, my "Recollections" being unsystematized and inconsequential, the pen of the writer resembling, I should say, the course of a wandering Bedouin, who, pitching his tent here and there, gathers up, as spoil, a stray memory, and then passes on elsewhere, and

is gone. Such a mood of mind I believe to be an attribute of years. The poet Pope speaks of "narrative old age," and ancient Nestor in Homer exemplifies and acknowledges the fact, though he couples it on his own behalf with counsel and wisdom, when he says,

——τὸ γὰρ γέρας ἔστί γερόντων.

Iliad iv. 323.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX A.

Page 27.

REV. NICHOLAS ARMSTRONG.

IN a bright volume, published in 1875, from the pen of the Venerable Archdeacon John Sinclair, we have the following testimony to Mr. Armstrong's powers as an orator.

It is in a letter from a Scotch gentleman, a friend and countryman of the Archdeacon's, and is as follows :—

"Armstrong now arose, the most powerful of Irish declaimers; he came to the front of the platform, and after a pause of a few minutes, began as if he had been inspired, and delivered, without pause or hesitation, as glorious a burst of triumph as human speech is capable of uttering."

From *Old Times and Distant Places*, page 266

APPENDIX B.

Page 158.

IN the wildest regions of remote Donegal, I found many of the clergy interesting and cultured men, and the Church services well and duly performed. In the mountainous wilderness around Dunfanaghy, whose white shores and great cliffs are washed by the waves of the Atlantic, my friend the Rev. Charles Stewart had each Sunday in his church as well-dressed, as orderly, and as attentive a congregation as you would see in a first-class English village; and here I have often preached. In the little village of Kilcar, which lies behind the stupendous sea-cliff of Slieve Lia, rising 1,974 perpendicular feet from the vexed Atlantic, there is a small but handsome church, where the services were well sustained by the Rector, my friend the Rev. Edward Labatt, and the Psalmody quite beautiful under his scientific guidance. But deeper in the wilderness still, "remote from men," and almost "extra menia mundi," you "go down"—as the country saying has it—into the parish of Glencolumbkille, rude, strong, savage, yet sublime from the grandeur of its long line of soaring sea-cliffs, which rampart it from the wash and the welter of the great waves which thunder against these rocks day and night continually.

This parish is full of curious antiquity—cairns, cromlechs, stone crosses, and Danish altars—and was beyond any doubt the hiding-place at one time of Prince Charles Edward,¹ after his

¹ See a valuable MS. on this subject, compiled on the spot by the Rev. Valentine Pole Griffith, the rector of the parish, and transferred to the pages of the *Dublin University Magazine*, in number for September, 1860.

defeat at Culloden. Here I preached to a congregation of nearly a hundred on a week-day, but on Sundays the number was more than doubled under the active ministry of Mr. Griffith, the incumbent and my valued friend—a good man, and full of poetry and enthusiasm, which was nourished by the magnificence and wildness of the scenery amidst which he dwelt, and truly loved to dwell.

APPENDIX C.

Page 195.

"ONE more unfortunate!" another great mind strangely hostile to the Irish Church. In Mr. Trevelyan's recent *Life of Lord Macaulay*, we find that noble author, in an address to his Presbyterian constituents, declaring that "of all the institutions of this civilized world, the Established Church of Ireland seems to me the most absurd."

This opinion, born of the blindest and most absolutely ludicrous ignorance of the institution he asperses, he subsequently fused into a speech, which he made in the House, and which his nephew, with amiable over-partiality, describes as "glowing with life and colour," but which we cannot help thinking would class better with the oratory of the "Pickwick Club" than with the eloquence to which the Commons are accustomed. In this speech he contrasts what Mr. Trevelyan calls "the squalor" of Maynooth College, with the wealth and stateliness of the English Universities. He speaks of "their bowling-greens and their stabling," and then goes on, in appetising strains, enough to create a soul under the ribs of starvation, to describe "the refectories," and "luxury of the great feast-days—the piles of plates on the dinner-table, the savoury steam from the kitchen, the multitude of geese and capons which turn at once (*sic*) on the spits, and the oceans of ale in the butteries," and sums up by contrasting all these pictures with the squalor and empty larders of "the miserable Dotheboys Hall" of Maynooth!

Now we do not care much for this College, but we love truth, and on its behalf we would protest against such a libel on Maynooth. The building was of highly respectable and spacious

character, even thirty years preceding the uttering of this speech! Inglis, the Whig tourist, visited it in 1836, and testifies to its being "an extensive edifice, and presenting an imposing front, separated from the town by a large open area railed off, and kept in excellent order," and goes on to descant on the good living which the pupils enjoyed, and no doubt grew sleek upon, viz: "Meat for dinner every day except Friday, eggs, bread, butter, pies, puddings, and cocoa, constitute the fare; their table is plentifully and wholesomely supplied."¹ Not a word of the "brimstone and treacle basin," or of the Smike squad of half-starved boys!

Then in the name of the Principal and Professors, whom we have always understood to be gentlemen and scholars, we would ask which of them was meant to impersonate Wackford Squeers, in Mr. Macaulay's inapt and maladroit harangue?

These two Englishmen, uncle and nephew, have been drawing on their imagination for their facts. However, the temptation to represent Maynooth as starved and squalid will no longer assail any one, since Mr. Gladstone—the Parliamentary Jupiter of the age—has descended in a shower of gold on the lap of this ecclesiastical Danae, and Maynooth is now enriched through his Spoliation Act with nearly half a million of pounds abstracted from the ancient and legal endowments of the Irish Protestant Church, and thus to reverse the proverb, "Paul is robbed to pay Peter."

On another occasion Ireland suffers wrong from Mr. Macaulay. In his preface to his own *Lays*, when speaking of the almost universal existence of ballads and song among nations, he absolutely pretermits all mention of Bardic or Lyric poetry as being found in Ireland, which is proverbially called "The Land of Song," and ranks high for its ancient music and ancient melodies, her bards preserving an unbroken succession from the earliest ages—Oisín, and Goll, the Irish Tyrtæus, who "wreathed his sword with myrtle," and Craftine and McDonel, O'Sullivan and Magrath, Rahilly, Heffernan, Carolan, and Talbot, with others of less name and fame.

¹ Inglis's *Journey through Ireland* in 1831, page 390.

Again, Lord Macaulay has a hard word for the Irish Church. In his review on Mr. Gladstone's book on Church and State—see Essays, page 480—he asserts that in the time of King Alfred, the Church, in this island, exhibited only ignorance, a dissolution of all discipline, and a cruel barbarism; and this he states on the *alone* authority of St. Bernard—the “*canis albus*” or white dog who barked for the Papacy, and vehemently resented the independent attitude which the Church of Ireland had assumed, and kept for centuries, with respect to Rome;—selecting the authority of this “hot-headed and turbulent monk,” and slighting the graver and more solid testimony of Archbishop Ussher, Venerable Bede, and Thomas Warton, and the entire assent of Jonathan Swift to the worth and great learning of the Irish Church during the dark ages, his Lordship endorses the slander of an angry and ignorant partizan of the Papacy, and makes it his own.

One more word concerning Lord Macaulay. In his history of the siege of Derry—a matchless piece of writing, which one can scarce read without tears—he invariably styles the Derry men, who were all of them, and their fathers before them, Irishmen born, by the name either of the “Englishry,” or the “Colonists.” Now these men were the descendants of Scotch and English settlers, who had come to Ireland during O’Neill’s wars in Queen Elizabeth’s reign, or else had immigrated to Ulster a little later under King James’s “Plantation” of 1610. Ireland had seen three generations of these men, and might well claim them as her own genuine children, and sons of her soil. In a national point of view, England had no more to do with them, save that they served her loyally and fought her battles well. Without doubt, these Derry men might have inherited some infusion of doggedness and determination from their Saxon forefathers, but we must ever attribute their enthusiasm, endurance, and indomptable valour to their chivalrous Irish nature, and to the grand sustaining spirit of their noble Protestantism.

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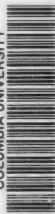
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